H.M.Goldberg

HIS
BOOK

Mr BUCKSTONE as LAUNCELOT GOBBO
in the Merchant of Venice.

BLOBSON'S

DIRE MISHAPS

—IN A—

BARN STORMING COMPANY.

This Story deals with the Humorous as well as the Serious side of a

Barn Storming Company on its Travels.

HAMLET.—"*What players are they?*"

ROSENCRANTZ.—"*Even those you were wont to take delight in, The Tragedians of the City.*"

BY MORTIMER M. SHELLEY,

Author of Tales from the Greenroom, How to Get a Wife, The Haunted Hotel, The First of April, &c., &c., &c.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE STAGE

(WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS)

from the opening of the first theatre in the United States in 1750 up to the present time will be found in this work under SHELLEY'S HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

A DIRECTORY OF PLAYERS

from 1719 to 1891 will also be found in this work after page 32 of the HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

Blobson's Dire Mishaps.

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BLOBSON'S DIRE MISHAPS.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS EVE—AT THE PLAYHOUSE—A VERY DISASTROUS REHEARSAL AT BLOBSON'S BOARDING HOUSE.

THE famous old bell in the City Hall Tower on Broadway was ringing out the hour of twelve and the refrain was caught up by St. Paul's and Trinity Church further down Broadway. Yes, it was the hour of midnight. Christmas Eve had passed and Christmas Day was here. All who were out of doors at this hour seemed joyful and contented, wishing each other a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Some were carrying home their Christmas turkey, goose or duck, while others were loaded down with presents for the little ones. The *Herald*, *Sun*, *World*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *News* and *Press* buildings were resplendent with their thousands of lights, every window on Broadway, Park Row and Nassau street being illuminated; while the American News Building on Chambers street stood out in bold relief from the lights in City Hall Park.

In the Bowery the walks were swarming with people, from the millionaire to the tramp. The snow was fast falling and the wind was keen, making the extremely

poor pedestrians draw their few garments closer to their bodies.

At the Old Bowery Theatre, the night in question was a memorable one, Mr. J. B. Studley appearing as "Jack Cade" and "Richard the Third."

The place was packed from floor to ceiling with human beings. The Combat scene between Richard and Richmond had just closed, the curtain had fallen and the entertainment for the night was over. In the pit and on the right side of the orchestra sat a very peculiar looking genius. His name was Septimus Blobson, a shoemaker's apprentice, whose whole mind was wrapped up in amateur theatricals, with a soul above the last, and only awaited the coming day when he would soar above even such men as Mr. Studley. To continue pegging away, to eke out a miserable existence in the shoe and leather line, was not to be thought of. Nature had made him of different material and he was resolved on a change and, ere a week passed, he joined an amateur club—"The Forrests." Not having a hall of their own to discuss dramatic matters in, they were allowed the use of a portion of Cobweb Hall, on Duane street, near Broadway. The portion of the house to which they were allotted was used for "Free and Easy" entertainments, and when not so engaged the "Forrests" were at liberty to murder Shakespeare to their own liking. Blobson felt that his great experience (which consisted of going to the Bowery Theatre every Saturday night) entitled him to play all the leading parts in the Shakesperian plays the club was to produce that season, while nearly every other member claimed an equal privilege to first choice. Certainly but little headway could be made in the advancement of the drama if this state of things continued. The landlord of the place, hearing their excited

discussions, concluded, if there was not an amicable adjustment of affairs, the "Forrest Club" would be a thing of the past and he would be a loser to the extent of various pots of beer and pipes each evening. Having, at one time, been in the "hammature" way himself and on several occasions played the torch bearer in "Romeo," Wanango, a dumb Indian, in the "Jibenainosy," and the part of a bear in a Pantomime, he felt competent to offer professional advice.

His idea, as he informed the members, was that each one should play a leading part one night in the season. This appearing satisfactory, more beer and pipes were called for and they adjourned to meet the following week.

Blobson concluded to go to work at once on "Richard" and be in readiness for the opening night; having purchased a copy of the book, he concluded, before retiring that night, to have a rehearsal in his room. Stealing silently to his apartment (luckily escaping the vigilance of his landlady, Betsy Slimmers) he slipped into his room and quickly bolted the door. The room was very small, about seven feet by nine, with only space for a washstand, chair, bedstead and a few other articles. The adjoining room was the same in size as Blobson's, and the landlady not being able, when she made two rooms out of one, to put in a partition composed of brick and plaster, substituted a photographer's sky-light which, to her method of reasoning, was just as satisfactory, and she'd like any of her boarders to offer any objections. Nobody did; they wouldn't dare to.

Blobson's next door room mate was a very bibulous individual, extremely nervous and easily frightened. He, it appears, had, on the night in question, gained ingress to the house in a stealthy manner (not wishing to meet, in his very uncertain condition, the redoubtable Betsy Slim-

mers). Having escaped the vigilance of this lady he tumbled into his room, and before Blobson arrived was snoring as loudly as a boiler shop in full swing; all of which Blobson was familiar with, consequently he paid no attention to the home-like sounds. He was there for a purpose, and that was to rehearse his part of "Richard the Third." The snoring of his friend was to Blobson sweet music; he could recite his part in as high a key as he desired without fear of rising Slimmers' anger, who would not recognize his voice while his neighbor's fog horn was in full operation. Blobson was extremely timid, and particularly so when near Betsy Slimmers, as she had already given him warning on three different occasions to quit her house on account of, as she termed it, his crazy acting in his room. Certainly this style of address to a respectable boarder, as well as a timid one, did not tend to heighten her in his esteem nor to increase his valor in her presence.

His adjoining room mate played the bass drum, cymbals and bells, in Harvey Dodworth's Band, and he was also ordered out of the house on account of his leaving his vile instruments of war in the passage way. A truce, however, was patched up by his agreeing to hang up his instruments of noise on the partition which divided his room from Blobson's. On the night in question, Betsy Slimmers was taking her first nap, and at peace with the whole world, and the other occupants were no doubt in a like condition, when Blobson started in for his grand rehearsal, "The Tent Scene, from Richard," where Richard is discovered asleep upon his couch, and while lying there the spirits of his victims appear to him and upbraid him for his crimes; he starts up from the couch, looks about him, clutches his sword, and, rushing down the stage, falls upon one knee—the left one—cries

out, "Give me another horse, bind up my wounds, have mercy," etc. It was this scene Blobson had in his mind for the evening's rehearsal. Not having a sword, he picked up a long, old-fashioned warming pan as a substitute. This he took in his right hand, blew out the candle, jumped on the bed and commenced to roll and toss as if in the agonies of a terrible night-mare; and when he thought the time had come to rush sword in hand down the stage and cry out, "Give me another horse," he had forgotten the short distance the partition or the photographer's skylight was from his bed, and in the darkness, warming pan in hand, he made the rush to go down stage, and went through the glass partition, carrying with him the warming pan, and succeeded in landing himself, the pan, the partition, bass drum, cymbals, string of bells and wash stand on top of his adjoining room mate. The shock was so sudden and unexpected that the bass drummer yelled like a wild indian; the drum, cymbals and bells rolled off the bed on to the floor, which succeeded in rousing the whole house. Blobson made a rush for the door, and in the darkness struck the drum with his foot and started it down the stairway, and at every step it gave further alarm; first the drum, then the bells and cymbals (being tied together) crashed from one step to another. In his fright, the bass drummer, who thought a train of cars had struck his room, ran yelling down the stairs; not seeing the drum in the passage way, he fell over it, striking Betsy Slimmers, who was rushing up stairs. The contact was so sudden and unexpected that both fell, and both screamed the louder, while the drum, cymbals and bells continued on down four flights of stairs. At every step the noise seemed to increase and intensify. So great had become the excitement of the boarders over

the terrible visitation of the crashing, grinding and to them destructive agency that had visited the house, that some ran for the roof, while others were lowering themselves from the windows by bed cords and quilts. The police had been called as well as the firemen, and when the house was visited in the morning it was as if a whirlwind had waltzed around the inside of it. As for Blobson's room and the adjoining one belonging to the bass drummer, it would seem as if a can of gunpowder had been exploded in it. Blobson anticipated Miss Betsy Slimmers might possibly not care to serve him with room and board in the future, and wisely determined discretion would be the better part of valor and sought elsewhere for a more congenial home. As for the bass drummer, he concluded for the sake of peace and quiet, a home where adjoining room mates are not permitted the privilege of filling their rooms with deadly explosives would be more in accordance with his views; so he thought it better to remove himself into another boarding place, and he did.

CHAPTER II.

BLOBSON'S INTRODUCTION TO PROFESSIONALS AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

AFTER the unsuccessful rehearsal at Betsy Slimmers on the, to him, eventful night, Blobson concluded to make the acquaintance of one or more professionals and see if he could not obtain an engagement with a traveling company. Stepping into a well known public resort on Broadway and glancing at the amusement columns of a morning paper, he found the following advertisement :

"A Treasurer wanted for a dramatic entertainment. Capital required, $75. Call at 591 Broadway, between 11 and 2."

This was the very number of the house he was in and it was now 1 P. M. Stepping to the desk, he enquired of the clerk the name of the party who published the advertisement he had just seen in the paper.

"You will find him," said the clerk, "seated at the third table on the left."

Without more ado, Blobson introduced himself and stated the nature of his call.

"I can," said Blobson, "furnish the required capital you advertised for if the entertainment is all right and I have the privilege of playing in the Company."

"Why, my boy," (a familiar expression, used by this speculator on other people's money, Manager Bunsby

Snib by name) "you can have your choice of any of the leading parts in Shakespeare. How will that suit you?"

"The very position I am seeking. I will be frank with you. I am only an amateur but my ambition, sir, is as boundless as the ocean. There is no part, sir, in the minor or standard or even Shakespeare that I would hesitate to enact at a moment's notice Mr. Booth and others of his class are, well, passably fair in their way, but I can assure you, in strict confidence, I can easily give them points. By the way, have you arranged when your company will start?" Said Blobson.

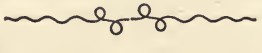
"The company and printing are all ready; our route laid out, and we are now only waiting to engage a treasurer who can deposit the amount of money as advertised for; not to be expended by him but merely held as security for the good conduct of his employee. Thousands of dollars would pass through the treasurer's hands, weekly, and sometimes daily, when two performances were given, and he felt it his duty to himself and his company to be in some way secured," said Snib.

"You are right, sir," and (opening his wallet) "there is the amount. Now, when will my duties commence?"

"To-morrow, which will be Friday, although considered an ominous one, I don't mind such things. Yes, meet me here at 10 A. M., and we will start for our first town."

"'Tis well—10 A. M.—till then, farewell."

Blobson was on hand the next day, and the next, but the manager never came, and Blobson has a lingering thought, "that the manager evidently met with some terrible misfortune or he would have been on hand at 10 A. M."



CHAPTER III.

BLOBSON INTENT UPON SEEKING OUT AN ENGAGEMENT—GETS ONE.

ONE day while Blobson was in the Metropolitan Hotel, corner of Broadway and Prince street, he heard angry voices in the rear part of the house where the cafe was located, and, walking in, he found a large portly gentleman in discussion with another as to the merits of Mr. Forrest, in "Metamora." He was appealed to for an opinion. Being a stranger, and with but little knowledge of theatrical matters, he was obliged to decline, but told them if they would join him at the bar first and discuss the matter afterwards, it might prove more agreeable. This was assented to; introductions followed, and he found, to his great surprise, he was in the company of well-known professionals. A few more appeals to the bar and they became quite confidential. He told them what he was seeking and invited the gentlemen to his room, 59 Lispenard street. He concluded to do the handsome thing, and on the way he stopped in at the "Star" and ordered, over to his room, a proper supply of refreshments. After a few hours in the room and all feeling better for the meeting, it was agreed by Mr. Brim to get Blobson a position in the company now making up for the road. If he would come over to his rooms, 76 Allen street, that evening, where they both kept bachelors' hall, the matter could be dis-

cussed at their leisure. Brim and Anderson took their departure and, at five P. M., Blobson was on hand. A light lunch was partaken of and, after a pleasant evening, Blobson became satisfied his star was in the ascendant. "No sir," said he, while on his way to his room in Lispenard street. "One day, and that is not far distant, I will rise to the topmost round of that great and glorious profession to which all amateurs aspire but few ever reach. When I do reach the dizzy height, I will make managers run after me and—"

Where this speech would have ended no one could tell, had it not been for an unruly dog running between his legs and landing our friend Blobson in a most unwholesome puddle in the street. His reverie, for the time being, was dissipated, and he wandered to his lodgings, covered with mud and dramatic energy.

He called upon Brim the following day and told him he had concluded to follow the profession of which he, Brim, was a leading representative. Being somewhat morose and misanthropical, Brim did not greet him as cordially as he wished, and Blobson knowing his slight failing suggested a retirement around to a cafe adjoining Niblo's Theatre on Broadway. Thither they went, and after an hour's rest at one of the tables, it was agreed that he would be one of a company that was to leave New York in a day or two.

As the manager had not yet arrived, he concluded to step out and prepare himself for the coming hour which was to be to him the grandest moment of his life. While ruminating over the grand and glorious future in store for him, he nearly fell down an areaway left open by some miscreant no doubt purposely, as he said, to cause the death of some innocent person. A moment more and he would have stepped into that fearful mantrap

had not Anderson, who was passing, warned him of the danger. Brim soon came in sight and said he had just left the manager, and he felt sure Blobson would be booked to go as general utility in "The Never Get Left Dramatic Combination." After Mr. Brim had borrowed ten dollars from Blobson, he desired him to again visit the dramatic agent's office on Broadway, see the manager and arrange for the trip. Bidding each other a hasty adieu they separated. Reaching the dramatic agency Blobson enquired if Mr. Bluffington, manager of "The N. G. L. D. C.," was in. "Well, no, sir," said a dapper looking party who had just been in conversation with a very pretty young lady and an old lady, possibly her mother. "No, sir; but if you will be seated you will see him in a few moments." The only seat unoccupied at the time being the coal box, that was accepted.

The room was hung around with pictures representing actors, actresses, bills of theatres, circuses, minstrel, and others of that class. The proprietor, Mr. Brown, was a very genial and affable person, and was very busy. Several of those in the room, in fact nearly all, were engaged in chatting away about their success on the road, while others were waiting for new engagements. An hour was passed away very pleasantly, when a gentleman made his appearance, and appeared to be in a hurry. "Ah, Brown," said he, "caught you in this time, eh? Well, now, I want a full company to go on the road at once; can you supply me?"

"Yes, sir, and in post haste."

This attracted the attention of all in the room. "Who is he and what is he?" came from all sides in whispers.

In a few moments they entered the agent's private office. The agent looked out into the company's sitting room and called a Miss ———, who was up in leading

business. This made the other ladies stare and show envious glances, a few of them exchanging disparaging whispers. Out the leading lady came with an engagement written on her face, and into the street she went very pleasantly.

The one who played heavies was next called, and when she returned she was glowing with smiles. "Yes," said she to a lady friend, "I am engaged; where else could they find another 'Lady Macbeth' like me?" and out the street door, the heavy lady passed.

Brim and Anderson then made their appearance, and were shortly ushered into the presence of the new manager. In about five minutes they again returned bringing the agent out. "Mr. Brown," said Brim, "this is Mr. Blobson, who will just fill out your company."

Blobson felt under many obligations and so expressed himself at this announcement. Rushforth, at this moment recognized Brim and the greeting was pleasant. "I see," said he, "we are to sail in the same boat."

"And you, my boy, I presume, will play your usual comedy business?" said Rushforth.

"Oh, yes. The same old business," said Brim.

"By the way, Sammy, who is our dramatic young friend?"

"Oh, this gentleman is Mr. Septimus Blobson."

"Rushforth, Blobson. Blobson, Rushforth.

"He goes with us for respectable business."

"Am delighted with his acquaintance," said Rushforth.

The conversation had hardly ended when the new manager made his appearance. He was of a peculiar mould, a very black moustache, a striking nose, very dark eyes, crisp, curly hair, very stout in build, and in height about six feet. His costume was dark checkered pants, vest and coat, white hat, with a weed o it, red neck-tie

patent leather shoes and a great variety of pawn-broker's jewelry was scattered over his vest and fingers. No doubt he felt that he would produce a sensation, and did, among a certain class.

"Well, Colonel," said the agent, addressing the manager, "I have filled up your company and now you can arrange with your people as to particulars. The room adjoining this is at your service."

"Are the people all here?" said the manager."

"They are," said Brown.

"Then inform them to call upon me in the adjoining chamber."

As each one was called, they answered to their names, entered the temporary sanctum, settled their affairs with the doughty manager and returned, once more, into the general office.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY ENGAGED—BLOBSON ENROLLED AS ONE OF ITS MEMBERS—HIS REHEARSAL IN HIS BOARDING-HOUSE—TRYING TO SMOTHER DESDEMONA AND SETS HIS BOARDING-HOUSE ON FIRE.

EVERYTHING being arranged as to the company, the management felt quite happy. The next thing to do was to lay out a route for the "Never Get Left Dramatic Company" to go over. This matter was finally turned over to the advance agent who claimed that he knew every fence post and telegraph pole from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the shores of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. He had, as he stated, pioneered shows through the Sierra Nevadas, down into the valleys of Mexico and Yucatan. This gentleman's name was Tollitymus Flick but his friends called him Tolly and he admired the abbreviation and smiled when thus addressed.

"Yes," said he, "I once corralled a portion of a hostile tribe of Indians; there were one hundred in all. I took them to a mining camp, twenty miles away, and compelled them to go through their war dances, scalping scenes, marriage ceremonies and smoke dances. There was no hall in the place large enough to hold the 500 miners encamped there; so I opened my show on the prairie, staked off a ring for my performance, and acted

as my own door-keeper. Would you believe it, gentlemen? I had an audience of over 1,500 miners."

"What? 1500 people," said Brim.

"Yes, sir; 1500 people," said the advance agent, Flick.

"How you could get an audience of 1,500 out of 500, puzzles me," said Brim.

"Why, easy enough. The Indians could go through six separate acts. When they had completed two acts, I would announce the show as being ended; but another would commence right on the same ground in fifteen minutes. All those wishing to see it would have to purchase tickets at the ticket office, outside. I would then mount my box, which was at a short distance from the Indian camp, sell the house over again, so that, in three hours and forty-five minutes, I had played my Indians to 1,500 people. A very easy thing when it is worked the right way and by a proper worker. My motto, gentlemen, is, 'I never get left.'"

And his listeners were of the same opinion.

"Well," said Brim, what did you do with your Indians after the show? Did you pay them for the performances and go on any further?"

"Pay them for the performances? Why, certainly not. I just told them that the section of country they were in was filled with gold, diamonds and other precious stones and I suppose they are still there, digging for them, for aught I know."

The manager engaged passage on the Providence and Stonington line of steamers, and on the following evening they were to start for their destination. The announcement to Blobson, by the manager, to be in readiness was the most glorious news he ever listened to. He did not walk to his room after the interview, he fairly ran, in order that he might be all ready on the

morrow. His luggage consisted of one valise, and when fastened it contained all his worldly possessions. He tried to sleep that night, but the thought of some day being a great actor banished sleep; he was like "Richard III" at the battle on Bosworth Field, eager for the fray. Do what he might he could not sleep, so he resolved to rehearse a scene from "Othello," the chamber scene where the Moor smothers Desdemona. The bed on which he slept was all very well, but the bedstead was a little the worse for wear; one of its legs had got broken in some way, and the landlady not being able to have it repaired substituted a piece of board, a sort of a temporary affair, what some would call a make-shift, for a few days. He commenced the scene, however, and just at the close he seized the pillow with his right hand and the kerosene lamp with his left, stole softly to the bedside, laid the pillow where Desdemona's face was supposed to be, and instead of pressing it gently as they do on the stage, he threw his whole weight upon it. The bedstead gave way, so did he, coming down with the broken legged bedstead with a crash that must have been heard a block away; the lamp upset, the clothing took fire, when he seized his hat and valise and ran down four flights of stairs into the street. By the time he reached there crowds were rushing about the door. The police and firemen soon appeared, the fire was soon under control and quiet was quickly restored. Not having the courage to go back and explain the cause of the accident, he walked the streets the balance of the night. The morning papers gave an account of the affair, that he would not soon forget. "The fire in Lispenard street," said one, "came very near ending not only in the loss of several valuable buildings but the lives of a large number of persons. The miscreant,

the perpetrator of this horrible outrage, not only intended to burn the building but take human life by murderous explosives, as the room which this fiend occupied was actually shattered and torn to such an extent that it would lead people to believe there must have been not less than fifty pounds of powder used in his hellish work. The landlady informs us that she knows neither his name nor former address, as the room was occupied by him only a few days."

He read no further, but immediately made his way to the boat and remained in concealment till the hour of starting, and when that hour arrived he felt as if an iron foundry had been lifted from his body.

"All aboard!" sung out the captain, and they were shortly in mid stream, puffing away down North River.

CHAPTER V.

ANDERSON KEEPS PASSENGERS AND OFFICERS IN A HILARIOUS AND EXCITED STATE WHILE EN ROUTE TO PROVIDENCE —FIRST TRIP OF THE DRAMATIC COMPANY—AT SUPPER IN THE CABIN—AND IT WAS A LIVELY ONE.

JOHN ANDERSON, who was in the bills for walking gents, was a wonderful ventriloquist, a fact not known to the company. He was very quiet and reserved, and had a habit of attending to his own affairs; certainly a very commendable attribute. Standing near the ticket office after the boat started, and apparently immersed in his own thoughts his attention was attracted to a negro who was endeavoring to get a reduction in passage rates which the clerk would not or could not agree to, when the following dialogue took place :

"I tole you sah, dat I is a spectable culled gemman, and de pasture ob de 'First Crow Hill Mefodis Church,' in Brooklyn, and I zires a ticket at reglar rates same as all bredderen of de Lawd," said the colored man.

VENTRILOQUIAL VOICE : "That's right."

"Yes, I knows it's rite." On turning round to see what friend upheld him, he encountered a fidgetty old lady on her way to the ticket office, carrying a basket in one hand and an umbrella and satchel in the other. When spoken to by the colored man, who

asked her if it was she who claimed he was right, the old lady was so agitated, not knowing whether the man was under the influence of alcohol or insane, she inadvertently dropped the basket, and the plaintive cry of a cat who seemed to know it was in a strange place, came forth from the aforesaid basket.

This was a cue for Anderson, who threw his voice behind the negro in imitation of two tom-cats fighting. Meow - row - spit - spit - mew–ow-row-wow-spit-spit-spit! The negro jumped into the air, the old lady fainted, the cat in the basket caught up the refrain, the clerk rushed out of his office to kill the cats who had so wonderfully appeared on the boat, and the negro ran for his life to the other end of the boat. Anderson quietly strolled off and left the old lady to explain why she had brought a basket of Tom-cats on the boat.

One table was reserved for the members of the company. Anderson, however, found a vacant seat at another. A young couple, who appeared to have recently gone through the evolution of matrimony and had been spending their honeymoon at some city friend's house (a prevalent custom with country people) and now on their way back to their mountain home, sat opposite him. Her husband kept urging her to order what she wanted, and she would reply, "Oh, no, John, you order." John kept on persisting and she on her part declining, which was very amusing to the rest of the passengers but decidedly trying and in fact wearing to the waiter behind their chairs. Anderson was very hungry, and as only one waiter attended at this table he and the others must wait till John and his lady were served, so he concluded to hurry up matters. Throwing his voice at the waiter (who was standing there as still

and silent as a statue on a monument) the words came forth in stentorian tones to John.

"Ef youuns don't gib your order you'd better get up."

"What did you say, sir?" said John.

"I sed nuffin, sah."

"Did you not say if I did not give my order I'd better get up and give others our chairs?" exclaimed John.

"I dun nebber said a wud sence you an you leddy sat down, sah; no, sah, I has betta broutin up dan dat."

"Well, there is some mistake, however, you can bring us what—what do you say, dear, will it be meat, vegetables and coffee or tea?"

"Oh, order any thing you like, John."

"Now, my dear, just tell me what to order."

"You know I don't want to let these people think I'm boss; no, you order."

Anderson, and in fact all of the others at the table, were getting considerably worked up over the unnecessary delay. Acting from the impulse of the moment, Anderson, imitating John's voice, ordered coffee for two, with mush and potatoes. Off the waiter started, and was back again in a flash with the order, placing the food before John and his bride.

"Look here, darkey, I didn't tell you to bring these," said John, pointing to the dishes.

"Deed you did, sah; I'se a temperance man and knows when a gemman gibs an order."

"You tell me again that I did and I'll throw them at your head."

Anderson (in bride's voice): "You did give the order, John, I heard you."

"What is that you say, my dear?" said John.

"I did not speak," said the bride.

To lady sitting next to him: "Was it you, madam, who told me I ordered those dishes?"

MAIDEN LADY (with the cat in basket): "Sir, I never address a person without a formal introduction; keep away from me or I'll scream."

"Don't you put your hands on my husband," said the bride.

ANDERSON (*sotto voce* as if from old maid): "You're no lady."

"John, did you hear that old maid say I'm no lady?" said the bride.

"Look here, madam, I want you to understand my wife must not be insulted by you."

ANDERSON, to John: "Go out and drown yourself, you are a nuisance."

This seemed to come from a dominie sitting at the end of the table.

"I don't know who you are, sir, (to the dominie) but you look like a respectable clergyman, and if it were not for that I would take pleasure in settling this insult by calling you out."

CHAPTER VI.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER "RHODE ISLAND"—THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS WIFE—THE OLD MAID—THE DOMINIE—ANDERSON, THE VENTRILOQUIST—THE COLORED WAITER—THE DOGS AND CATS UNDER THE TABLE—LIGHTS GO OUT—GHOSTS, GHOSTS, GHOSTS.

ANDERSON fearing a murder might be committed if John and the clergyman were allowed to continue their wordy war, threw his voice under the table, in imitation of a young tom-cat looking for another of his sex to do battle with.

The old lady, thinking it was her tabby, commenced to call it in a soothing voice. This evidently enraged the animal who screamed the louder and spit between each scream.

The quarrel of words between the clergyman and John was soon lost in the noise of the cat under the table. The waiters were called to eject the animals but were too frightened to move. At this juncture, an infuriated dog was heard under the table, growling at the cats who were snarling and spitting at the dog. In a moment the dog appeared to seize the cats. The noise of hammering and rolling about of the animals under the table, done by Anderson's feet, added to the fright of the guests and servants who had already deserted the table and

were madly rushing for the stairways when the lights went out leaving all in total darkness. A few moments after this last event, the captain and officers came rushing down the stairways with lamps in their hands, as well as bludgeons to destroy the animals that caused all the disturbance.

When the lamps in the cabin were again lighted, they discovered the servants hiding in the berths ranged around the cabin, and from none of them could they learn the retreat of the animals in question.

The one who waited on the bride and groom, when asked by Anderson how the animals got on the boat and under the table, his reply was:

"Dey wus no animals unda de tabel."

ANDERSON: "Are you sure?"

"Sure? Why, ob course I is."

"Well, if a dog and cat were not under the table, what was the cause of so much noise?"

"It was de debbil, sah. Dey was a pair of dem. Oh, Lawd! I nebber 'spected I would lib to see de debbil and his brudder under one table."

ANDERSON: "You're sure you saw two devils?"

WAITER: "Saw dem as plain as I see you. Saw one ob dem clime up and blow out de lights and if de capten and de odder offisurs hadn't got down stairs as fas' as dey did we'd all been strangled, burnt up and den drownded in de water. Oh, I'se dun got 'nuff ob steamboatin' and so has all de odder culled fellers on dis boat. When she gits to Providence, if she ebber dus— Oh, Lawd! W'ats dat?" (Anderson makes a noise behind him of drawing a cork and the fluid sizzing out of the bottle.)

ANDERSON: "What's the matter?" (Another cork pops behind him.)

The waiter, trembling from head to foot, made a jump forward about six feet and ran for his dear life up the cabin stairway.

The result of Anderson's pleasantry caused the passengers to go to bed supperless, for neither cook nor waiter could be found to venture into the cabin or kitchen that night.

Anderson, having lost his supper through the folly of the country groom, as he supposed, concluded to play another trick upon him, his bride and the old maid with the cat in the basket. It being a very warm night he found, as he expected, that the windows in the state-rooms were left open, and accordingly made his plans.

As the clock on the steamer struck the midnight hour, he wandered out upon the deck, knowing, in advance, the countryman's room was but a short distance from the old maid's. He concluded to operate upon both. Creeping up to the countryman's room, as if contemplating robbery or murder, he introduced his voice into the room of the sleepers in imitation of a cat who, finding itself in a strange place, commenced to howl in anything but pleasant tones.

The noise awoke the bride who, nudging her spouse, informed him that the old maid's cat was in their room.

"Throw my boots at the durned critter," said John.

"I can't reach them from the bed," said the bride.

"Throw anything you find, at her."

"I can't find anything."

(Cat howling louder and spitting.)

"Then get up and chase her outen the room."

"I'm afraid she'll bite me," replied the bride.

"Well, I'll be durned if I don't tackle her."

By this time the animal appeared to be under the bed. John commenced to call her in gentle tones:

"Pussy, nice kitty, nice pussy, come to your father, etc."

But it was unavailing; it was howl and spit—spit and howl. John could stand it no longer. He made a rush for the light which was an electric one, but could not find a match, as he said, "to light the durned gas." The cat was howling and spitting and John was jumping up and down, alternately howling for matches and the captain, and jumping at every howl.

The bride, in the meantime, was in bed and, in the darkness, was engaged in swinging two pillows in every direction to prevent the cat from tearing her to pieces. In swinging the pillows about,she struck John on the back and, imagining the cat had landed on him, John's howls and jumping increased the more. He finally got the state-room door open and yelled:

"Captain! Police! Anybody, everybody come quick or we'll all be torn to pieces! Mur-d-e-r!"

This seemed to have the desired effect of bringing captain, waiters and crew to his door and, after an explanation and a close search was made for the intruder, none could be found.

The captain was so disgusted that he called up the bar-keeper and informed him that no more liquor should be furnished the countryman, under penalty of instant dismissal.

After quiet was again restored on the steamer and the officers and crew had gone below, the voice of an infant was heard by the old maid:

"Ma, ma-a-a-a, mamma."

So startled was she, at the sound, she sat bolt upright in bed and peered into the darkness, but could see nothing, yet heard the voice of the infant. Rising from her berth, the sound seemed to come from under it, first in pitying

tones and then as if suffering from extreme and agonizing pain.

Not being able, in the darkness, to find the aforesaid infant, she made a rush for the door, opened it and ran screaming, in her night-dress, through the main saloon.

Anderson, having completed his work, quietly retired to his brother professionals below.

Upon hearing the frantic screams of the old maid, the captain and crew appeared again, determined to unravel the cause of this second midnight disturbance.

"A baby in your room, madam?" said Captain Mott. "Well, we'll see about that. Here, men, go in there and get that baby out."

In they rushed, into the old maid's room, but no baby could be found. The captain was staggered. He first looked at the old maid and then at his crew to find a solution to the mystery.

"And you found no baby?" said the old maid.

"Baby?" said Captain Mott. "Why, you might as well hunt for a caterpillar in January as to find a baby in an old maid's room!"

Before the old maid could reply to the captain, the cry of "Fire! Fire! The boat is on fire," was heard from below.

Leaving the old maid to explain her troubles at some other time, the captain and crew rushed pell mell to the lower deck, to find that no person knew of any fire nor its location. This made the captain desperate and he resolved upon sitting up with his crew the balance of the night.

Anderson, realizing the situation, concluded the best place for him was in his berth, and thither he went.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PROVIDENCE LINE STEAMER "RHODE ISLAND" LANDS THE COMPANY—AWAY BY RAIL TO THE FIRST TOWN —WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE COMPANY ARRIVED, AND BEFORE QUITTING THE TOWN—FUNNY SCENES.

AT six A. M. the boat landed at Providence, and the manager was up and about to have his company ready for the train to the first town on the circuit, about 32 miles distant. Taking the 8 o'clock train, they arrived there at 9 A. M, and after a hearty breakfast the members were ready to view the place, and particularly the hall in which they were to appear that very evening. The lower part of the building was occupied by a tinsmith and shoemaker, with an entrance to the hall about three feet in width; what with the tin pots, stoves and pans of the smith and old shoe boxes of the shoemaker piled up around the doorway, it would be difficult for a stranger to realize that there was any access to the hall than through the shops of the shoemaker or tinsmith. However, after getting into the hall entrance, one would have to climb three long, narrow, dirty, dark and dingy stairways before reaching the auditorium (Heaven save the name) and once there, what a place; benches took the place of chairs, and petroleum oil lamps the place of gas.

When it became necessary to have a dark stage, some member of the company would have to go out and turn down the lamps. Of course, the action of the play would cease while this was being attended to. One night when playing "Richard," and where the piece calls for a dark stage in the tent scene, and while Richard was moaning and groaning on his couch and the spirits of his victims were crossing from right to left, at the back of the stage, the lamps were burning their brightest, Richard not being able to get any person to turn down the lights, rose from his couch and deliberately reduced the glaring lamps, and then went on with his scene as if it was one of the incidents in the play.

Well, the second night came, and before the opening of the doors a large crowd had gathered on the walk outside. As soon as they were admitted they commenced the usual cry, "Music ! music !" After the music ceased, which was vile, there being only four in the orchestra, 1 violin, 1 flute, 1 clarionet, 1 piano, it was "Curtain, curtain ; hoist the rag, drown the music," and other peculiar remarks that were rather disrespectful, and members of the company felt were intended to be personal.

The piece to be presented was "Hamlet," and the manager fearing trouble, he concluded, in his usual oily way, to endeavor to smooth matters before the opening scene.

When he appeared there was a stillness throughout the hall. He commenced by saying, "Ladies and gents, if you will have patience the performance will proceed at once. I see before me bright smiling faces, strong arms and willing hands who I am sure will appreciate our coming amongst you. We are here not as many might suppose, to make money, but to elevate the immortal bard, Shakespeare, to enlarge your ideas on mat-

ters dramatic," etc., etc., etc., and retired in good order.

The curtain went up and the play of "Hamlet" was presented, but not under the most favorable circumstances, as might be supposed, after reading the following bill :

"HAMLET."

"A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS BY THE LATE WELL-KNOWN AND "NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN AUTHOR, MR. WILLIAM SHAKES- "PEARE, OF LONDON.

"Mr Bluffington wishes it understood by the inhab- "itants of this place, the clergy and bar included, that "wherever this piece has been presented by 'The Never "Get Left Dramatic Company,' of New York, it proved "a howling success, whereas with other so called dra- "matic combinations it has always and ever will be a dis- "astrous *failure.* In our case it will be presented by a "notable array of talented lady and gentlemen scholars, "representing to the life the royalty of the time and "place wherein Hamlet, his mother, his father, the ghost, "King, Ophelia, Laertes, Polonius, and the rest of his "associates lived and died. We feel this is an innova- "tion, but will no doubt be pardoned by our patrons "who are anxious to witness good acting."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF "HAMLET" AND THE LAST THE SKULL SPEAKS AND SINGS THE SONG OF THE "OLD SEXTON."

ANDERSON, not being in the cast, went into the front of the house with no very kind feelings for Rushforth who was cast for "Hamlet."

Everything moved smoothly till the churchyard scene, in Act 5th, where Hamlet picks up the skull and says:

"Whose was it?"

GRAVE-DIGGER: "It was Yorick's, the King's Jester."

HAMLET: "Let me see. Alas! Poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest—" (A loud laugh comes from the skull, produced by Anderson's ventriloquial powers, who, by the way, is seated in the gallery.) Rushforth looks with anger at the grave-digger, who is sitting very demurely on the side of the grave, and then proceeds in his speech, "of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times—" ("Ha, ha, ha!" comes again from the skull.) Aside to Brim, who is the grave digger, "Mr. Brim, if you continue to interrupt me with your vile laughter, I will quit the stage."

"Why you must be crazy. I know my business too well to interfere with a man's scene."

HAMLET again proceeds: "And now abhorred in my

imagination it is. My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed—" (Voice from skull): "Try it now." (As if said by Horatio.)

RUSHFORTH (in tragic voice, aside): "Mr. Dingle, I had my eye on you that time and when we get outside, I'll kiss you with my fist."

DINGLE (who is playing "Horatio") to Rushforth: "You're a fool. I said nothing."

RUSHFORTH continues his lines: "I know not how oft—" ("Kiss it for its mother," came again, accompanied by a "Ha, ha, ha!" from the skull.) Rushforth looked in horror at the skull and then savagely at "Horatio." (Aside, to Horatio): "You just wait till this scene ends and I will end you."

The audience is as much surprised at these laughable interruptions as the people on the stage, and show it by loud laughter which only serves to heighten Rushforth's anger.

Again he proceeds in his lines, "Where be your jibes, now, your gambols, your songs—" (Anderson throws his voice into the skull, which is still in Rushforth's hand, and sings, as follows, from the "Old Sexton:")

"Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earthworn spade;
His work was done and he paused to wait,
The funeral train through the open gate;
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin:
'I gather them in. I gather them in,
Gather—gather—gather—I gather them in.'"

For a moment, Rushforth was horror stricken. Those on the stage were filled with wonder and the audience was amazed at the deep melodious tones, coming from the skull held by Rushforth.

At the close of the stanza, loud and deep laughter from the skull, followed by screams, as if from a demon, pierced the ears of everybody on the stage and in the house. Rushforth, almost crazed, threw the skull from him, striking the grave-digger and tumbling him into "Ophelia's" grave, and the curtain fell amid shouts of laughter and merriment over the finale of "Hamlet."

That night the company packed up and went to Providence, R. I.

While the play bills said the company was composed of forty people, the company consisted in reality of only thirteen. They were as follows:

WELLSTROKE BLUFFINGTON....Manager and Proprietor.
VIRGINIUS RUSHFORTH.....Leading Man.
SAMUEL BRIM.....1st Low Comedian.
TENFOLD BEARBULL.....Heavies.
STIMPSON STACY.....Juveniles.
URGANDO NAYLOR.....1st Old Man.
J. HILTON ANDERSON.....Juvenile and Walking Gent.
SEPTIMUS BLOBSON, Walking Gent, General Utility, Call Boy, Captain of the Supers, Leader of Mobs, Leader of Processions, 1st Assistant to Props. and Head Keeper of Wardrobe. (Which proves that Blobson was a man of many parts.)
RAMSY B. DINGLE, Scenic Artist, Musician, Prompter, and an all-around Actor, generally considered a very useful man in a Theatre.
TOPPINS DERILECT, Property Man, Baggage Man, Gas Man, Bill Poster and Distributor, and Man of all Work. (A sort of an all day and night man; one whom the manager and the members of the company expect to find just the moment they want him.)
BELINDA YOUTHFORD.....Leading Lady.

LESTONIA YARDWELL, { Soubrette, Heavy, Walking Lady, etc., etc. (Although this lady appears on the bills as a young Miss, in private life she is the wife of Mr. Dingle, and the mother of four children, the eldest, a daughter of twenty-one.)

SELIMA DARWIN.....1st Old Woman, etc., etc.
CORDELIA EDDISTONE.....Juvenile, Walking Lady, etc.
TOLLITYMUS FLIP.....Advance Agent.

The manager and company were up bright and early the next day to attend a very important rehearsal. Every one, whether in the cast or not, was expected to be present. The play to be rehearsed was the comic drama, entitled, "The Extremes of Married Life," the scene being laid in England in 1820.

Every member of the company was present, but there was considerable grumbling as to the manner in which the parts or characters were cast. The leading man mentally d—— all comic plays as being only fit for bad actors to appear in. Dingle could not understand why he was cast for a part in the piece when he had to paint a new scene for the night's performance. "Well, if I must rehearse to-day" said he, "I'll do it from the paint frame, and we'll see how Manager Wellstroke Bluffington will like that. Say, Blobson, when the piece is called, tell old Bluff. I am on the paint frame," and away went Dingle up the ladder.

The grumbling among the people continued until the arrival of the manager, followed by Stimpson Stacy, the stage manager, who was nothing if not polite and dignified, a fair prototype of Beau Brummel, as it were. After a short conversation with his manager, the company were ordered into the green room to look over their parts, while Bluffington remained on the stage at the

prompt table to give his orders for the day. The first one for him to call up was the stage carpenter, Smiggs, who after being repeatedly called, made his appearance (that is, his head made an appearance) through the opening of a star trap a foot away from where the manager was seated.

"Did you call, sir?" said Smiggs.

BLUFFINGTON (who nearly fell off his chair with fright at the sudden appearance of what he thought an apparition, could hardly collect his thoughts for a moment): "Call, did you say? I should think I did; but good heavens, man, don't visit me again in that unnatural manner. Now that you are here, answer me. What are your assistants doing?"

SMIGGS: "Busy as bees, sir."

(If the manager had but looked down the Hamlet trap, which was open, he would have seen the bees smoking their pipes, and discussing the qualities of the new company over a can of beer.)

BLUFFINGTON: "I am glad to hear it, Smiggs. By the way, where does that vile smell of stale tobacco smoke come from?"

SMIGGS: "Smoke, tobacco; (after some hesitation) just wait a moment, I'll investigate (draws head through trap; a heavy weight is heard to fall, the Hamlet trap closes, and he pops his head up again through the star trap); it's all right, sir, the new watchman was at it."

BLUFFINGTON: "At what?"

SMIGGS: "Puffing away on an old pipe."

BLUFFINGTON: "Smiggs, this must not occur again while I am in this theatre."

SMIGGS: "I don't think it will, sir, as I have given him warning."

BLUFFINGTON: "Well, you will now retire and get to work with your assistants at once."

SMIGGS: "All right, sir, you leave everything to me and there will be no delay."

Smiggs draws his head through trap, and in two minutes joins his assistants in smoking and disposing of the beer left in the pail.

BLUFFINGTON: "Smiggs! Smiggs!" shouting down star trap. (Smiggs, who at that moment was engaged in swallowing his share of beer from the can, was nearly strangled at hearing the sound of the manager's voice, the beer bursting from his mouth and nostrils in streams. In his haste to set himself right, he pushed the lighted pipe he was a moment before smoking into his jacket pocket, and rushed for the star trap, forgetting the condition of his face and clothes from the effects of the beer, and the burning pipe in his pocket.)

SMIGGS (with head up star trap): "Here I am, sir."

BLUFFINGTON: "Well, I want you on the stage—Have your men let go that trap."

SMIGGS (speaking to assistants below stage): "Let go the star!"

Assistants, below: "All right."

Without giving the matter a thought as to the trap being eased up, the weights were allowed to drop, and instead of Smiggs coming up slowly and stepping out on the stage, as he expected, he was sent flying through the air fifteen feet above the trap, and came down on what is known in a theatre as a "property bed," lying in one of the entrances. After getting over his fright (he was not hurt) he was prepared to talk business with the manager.

BLUFFINGTON: "Smiggs, that was a narrow escape, and I am glad of it for your sake; had it been otherwise I would not stay here with my company—Great Jehovah,

there is that vile tobacco odor again. I thought you had stopped it."

SMIGGS: "Why, I did, sir. I ordered the old watchman to quit the habit while he was in the theatre, on pain of instant dismissal and, as I'm alive, sir, I do believe he is at it again."

BLUFFINGTON: "Are you sure you or your assistants do not indulge in that vile habit?"

SMIGGS: "Why, Lor' bless you, sir, none of us smokes. We knows it's a wile, nawsty habit, and another reason is the expense. No, sir, we does not smoke."

BLUFFINGTON: "You are aware, aside from the unpleasant odor rising from burning tobacco, that theatres and other buildings have not only been destroyed by half-burned cigars and pipes, but the lives of innocen- persons as well. (The half-lighted pipe in Smiggs' pocket was throwing up little jets of smoke while the convert sation was in progress.) Yes," continued Bluffington, "you must see this watchman and if, after you have admonished him again— (The pipe continues to emit stronger evidence of being alive in Smiggs' pocket, and the odor of burning tobacco increases.) to give up— (Phew! How that infernal tobacco smells.) Do call down and see if that vagabond of a watchman isn't at his— (Phew! sneezes) vile— (another sneeze) pract— (another sneeze) ice. If he is, I— (sneeze) will have h— (sneeze) im im— (sneeze) mediately e— (sneeze) jected. Tell (sneeze) h— (sneeze) im we w—(sneeze) ill a— (sneeze) ll be (sneeze) s—(sneeze) m— (sneeze) o— (sneeze) th— (sneeze) er—(sneeze) ed."

Blobson enters and looks in surprise at the nearly asphyxiated condition of the manager and the frightened appearance of Smiggs. He jumps to the conclusion that the manager is in a fit, or will soon be, and rushes off the

stage, bringing back a pail of water which he empties over the manager and runs off for another.

The burning tobacco has, by this time, done its work in Smiggs' pocket and, on Blobson's return, Smiggs and the manager are engaged in tearing Smiggs' burning clothing from his body to save him from a too sudden incineration. Blobson, on seeing the two dancing around like howling dervishes, (Smiggs nearly two-thirds naked; the manager yelling "Fire!" and "Police!") concludes that both are suffering from insanity, dashes the pail of water over them and runs for his life into the green-room and falls exhausted.

Out the people ran and, when the ladies saw Smiggs in a very decollette state, they fled from the theatre in all directions. When the facts were understood by the male members of the company, they cared for the manager and Smiggs, and the stage manager dismissed the rehearsal for that day.

Smiggs evidently learned a lesson, which was never forgotten, as he was not known to smoke after that eventful day.

CHAPTER IX.

A REHEARSAL OF A NEW PLAY—A GENUINE STAGE DIRECTOR—THE SCENIC ARTIST REHEARSES FROM THE PAINT FRAME, IN THE FLIES—BURSTING OF THE PAINT POTS—THE ACTORS' LOSS—ESCAPE OF BLOBSON AND DINGLE OVER THE THEATRE ROOF—INSIGHT INTO REAL STAGE REHEARSALS.

"LADIES and gentlemen," said the stage manager, after they had all assembled on the stage. "You are aware that yesterday's rehearsal was obliged to be postponed, for reasons I need not mention. It is to be hoped, however, it will not occur again. Tobacco and rum generally go hand in hand, and often the result is ruin to their victims. There, I am only using time on a subject foreign to our mission, so we will to business at once."

"Now then, ladies and gentlemen, clear stage for first Act of :

THE EXTREMES OF MARRIED LIFE.

CAST AS FOLLOWS:

Barnaby Meek.....VIRGINIUS RUSHFORTH
Gustave De Charles.....J. ANDERSON
Corporal Drum.....R. B. DINGLE
Dingle Bunn.....T. BEARBULL
Gibbs (a fifer).....SEPPY BLOBSON

Sammy Meek..... SAMUEL BRIM
Jenkins Blim..... STIMPSON STACY
Mrs. Meek.....MISS YOUTHFORD
Mrs. Drum.....MRS. DARWIN
Mrs. Gall..... MISS EDDISTON
Mrs. Jabber.....TOPPINS DERILECT
Betty Smirk..... .....MRS. YARDWELL
Isaac Levy.....MR. BLOBSON

"Mrs. Meek, you are on in the first scene; there's the bell (he rings bell); now then the curtain is up, and you are discovered seated in your room waiting for your adorer, Mr. DeCharles, who generally calls during the absence of Mr. Meek. Now, then, go on with your lines, please."

MRS. MEEK: "Well, where am I seated when the curtain goes up?"

STACY: "Why, at the table, which will be in centre of stage."

MRS. MEEK: "But there is no table there."

STACY: "Why, my dear, you must imagine that. Here, Props!"

PROPS: "Yes, sir."

"Go and get a table for Mrs. M., and place it centre of stage (table is brought on). Now, then, please go on."

MRS. M.: "But I have no chair to sit on."

STACY: "Yes, yes, I see; Blobson, get up and give this lady a chair (Blobson brings chair). Don't occupy chairs again during rehearsal. Now, then, let's get on, please. (Stage managers generally are more than polite at the commencement of a rehearsal, but often wind up towards the last in a state bordering on insanity. This rehearsal may prove no exception, but it is hoped it may.) Now, Mrs. M., I believe we are all ready."

MRS. M. (Reading her part): "Heaven's vengeance will visit this thrice perjured villain. Off! off! thou dastardly villain, or I—"

STACY: "Hold on, Mrs. M., where are you? This is not a tragedy part you are to play."

MRS. M.: "Well, sir, if there is any comedy in my lines I would be obliged to you to point it out."

STACY: "Comedy, tragedy; why, my dear. By the way, let me see your part (she shows it). Good heavens, madam, you are reading the heavy part in 'Elvira,' and not the one the rehearsal is called for (looks on prompt table and finds the right one). I see I'm the culprit, this time, please excuse me (hands her the proper part). There you are; now we will try it again."

MRS. M.: "It is really too bad for DeCharles to keep me waiting in this manner when he knows I am dying to see him (a knock at the door). There he is at last."

STACY: "Well, my dear, that's you."

MRS. M.: "I don't see anything here" (looking at her part).

STACY: "Don't you see the business marked there, of your going to the door?"

MRS. M.: "The business says a knock outside, goes to door, but it don't say who goes to door."

STACY: "You are alone on the stage; there is no one else to go. Besides you are expecting your friend, and it is presumed and it is intended by the author you should go."

MRS. M.: "Oh, very well, sir (in a tone of sarcasm). I presume I should go if the author intended it. Will you kindly (disdainfully) say what I am to do after I open the door?"

STACY: "Why-er-you-are supposed to be elated at meeting him, and would be justified in throwing your

arms about him, or permitting him to embrace you, or you could, if the audience would take it, fall into his arms, a sort of an *ad libitum* business."

MRS. M.: "I see by my part, the word *ad libitum* is used. Is that the meaning of the word?"

STACY: "Certainly; the word is of German, French or Latin origin, probably, but means do as you please."

MRS. M. (who is not versed in any of the above languages, nor mistress of her own, is somewhat confused at Stacy's erudition) proceeds to the door, and, as she opens it, Mrs. Drum makes her appearance.

MRS. D.: "Oh, Mrs. Meek, I am so glad you are at home. I want advice, and I want it badly."

MRS. M.: "Well, my dear, had you called when I was not quite so busily engaged (she is all dressed, ready to go out when DeCharles arrives, and shows how unprepared she is to meet Mrs. Drum, when DeCharles was the one she expected)."

MRS. D.: "Busily engaged; well, I suppose it is too bad, but then I have such a tale to tell you I could not wait."

MRS. M.: "What is it?"

MRS. D.: "My husband, who is no more, said in the last letter he wrote, just before the ship sunk down, down, down into the awful bosom of the ocean, that if I married again he would come and stand beside my bed at night covered with seaweed, barnacles and mermaids. Oh, Lord!"

MRS. M.: "That is horrible. You really make me feel ill."

MRS. D.: "How do you imagine I feel with a seafaring man covered with seaweed, barnacles and mermaids, standing beside me every night. What would you advise me to do?"

MRS. M.: "Mrs. Drum, if I could only get rid of mine in as easy a manner, I would be willing to suffer any torture (knock outside). That's my darling. Oh, what will I do with Mrs. Drum?" (Louder knocks.)

MRS. D.: "What does that dreadful knocking mean? Is some calamity about to overtake us? Tell me if you can, so that I can get safely away."

MRS. M.: "I know not what it may be; but come this way, and you can pass out the back stairway (They exit. Knocking outside). Mrs. M. goes to door and meets DeCharles."

DEC.: "Oh, my darling! Do I see you once again (embraces her)."

MRS. M.: "You do, my DeCharles! I am so glad you did not disappoint me."

DEC.: "Has your fool of a husband arrived as yet?"

MRS. M.: "No, he has not; I sent him out to the grocer's, and I suppose he will gossip with everyone he meets."

STACY: "DeCharles, there is no necessity for your standing there speaking your lines with your arms thrown around Mrs. Meek, is there?"

DECHARLES: "I supposed from my part I should do so."

STACY: "It don't follow, because your part says that after you enter the room you embrace her, that you should keep her in your arms during your scene with her on the stage. It might do very well for you two to do this all day in private life, but there is no audience in the world would tolerate it ten or even two minutes; they would hiss you off the stage."

"Well, now, please go on with your lines and omit any further embracing business. (To Blobson): For heaven's sake, Mr. Blobson, do go off the stage. Don't be

alarmed. You'll be called in time. Now, then, Mr De Charles."

DE CHARLES: "Well, my dear, as you are all ready for the Boat races, we will away at once. Stop! (Searches pockets.) By heavens! I've been robbed!"

MRS. M.: "Robbed! Can it be possible?"

DE CHARLES: "Such, my dear, is the fact and, what is worse, my banker left for home, so that we will be obliged to postpone our trip."

MRS. M.: "What amount have you lost?"

DE CHARLES: "Fifty pounds, at the least, and, without it, I could not think of going."

MRS. M.: "If we are to lose the races for the loss of fifty pounds, I will furnish you the amount. Now, my dear, don't worry. I will get it for you. Wait but a moment." [EXIT.]

DE CHARLES: "She is a trump, and oh! what a soft one! She believes I am single and that royal blood runs through my veins. Well, she will awake from her dream some day, and curse the hour she saw me"

MRS. M. (Enters with money.): "There, my dear, is the exact amount."

DE CHARLES: "Oh, my darling!" (Embraces and kisses her.)

STACY: "My dear sir, there are neither embraces nor kisses there, unless you take the responsibility of so doing; and as stage manager and, in the absence of the author, I object to the introduction of new business."

DE CHARLES: "I supposed it would be the means of making the scene more lively."

STACY: "In the absence of the author, sir, we are not allowed to introduce new business; besides, you and Mrs. M. seem to have a failing for the introduction of too much kissing business, already. Now, then, oblige me

by continuing your scene but, for Heaven's sake, omit any more kissing business !!! "

DE CHARLES: "All right, sir."

MRS. M.: " My dear De Charles, you know you promised me, as soon as I got my divorce, you would marry me."

DE CHARLES: " Ah, yes. I had quite forgotten that, but, now that you remind me, I give you my word, you will be my wife as soon as the divorce is granted." (They rush towards each other as if to embrace.)

STACY: " Now, for Heaven's sake, no more kissing."

DE CHARLES: " Then what shall we do."

STACY: " Why take her hand and say: 'Thanks, my darling. Your wishes will be gratified, etc., etc.' Anything but the kissing business."

DE CHARLES: " Thanks, my darling. Your wishes will be gratified."

STACY: " There, that is something like it."

DE CHARLES: " What shall we do now? "

STACY: " Why, don't you both see? After this, you sherry."

DE CHARLES: " Sherry? No, sir, I don't see that word but I do see we exit through centre door."

STACY: " Well, for the Lord's sake, don't you understand; sherry and exit mean the same ? Do go off before I lose my patience." [*They exit.*]

(Enter Sammy Meek with basket; sets it down on dresser.)

SAMMY: " Well, here I am, and pretty tired. I wonder where my darling wife is? I suppose she is in with our baby. (Baby cries, in adjoining room.) That's my boy."

POLL PARROT (who is in cage): " Meek! Meek! "

SAMMY: " Hello! Who is that?" (Turns round and

sees Polly.) Oh! That's you, is it, Polly?" (Baby cries.)

POLLY: "Meek! Baby Meek."

SAMMY: "Yes, Polly, baby is all right." (Baby cries.)

Jack (a monkey), who has been asleep under a chair, hops down to chair on which Sammy is seated, and pulls his coat. (Baby cries again.)

"Well, Jack, what do you want?"

Jack pulls his coat and points towards room where baby is.

"Yes, Jack, baby is all right. Mamma is with him." (Child cries.)

Jack pulls his coat and points towards door. (Baby cries.)

POLLY: "Sam—baby."

SAMMY: "Well, it is wonderful; the moment that baby cries, neither Jack nor Poll will ever rest until they attract my attention." (Baby cries.)

Jack pulls his coat and points to door.

POLLY cries: "Meek—Sam—baby."

"Yes, I will attend to him at once. Why, these animals are as good as nurses. (Baby cries.) Yes, I'm coming. I wonder where its mother is."

Jack takes Meek's hand and leads him towards the room the baby is in. [*They exit.*]

(For the benefit of the reader, it is well to state that Jack and Polly once belonged to a showman and were educated to appear before the public. Their owner, after a tour through the country, tired of the business and was obliged to part with them at an auction sale. Sammy's mother-in-law became their owner and, on account of having no place to keep them, particularly the parrot who had learned many words not heard in polite society, and the monkey's strong *penchant* for stealing, she con-

cluded her son-in-law's house was the best place for them. And here they are on the opening of the play. Both animals became, at once, firm friends of Sammy and thebaby; as for the mother-in-law and wife, they seemed to have taken a dreadful dislike to them. The baby's voice was at once recognized by Polly and Jack and they would show signs of worriment the moment they heard it)

After a moment's absence, Meek returned with the baby, followed by Jack who seemed in high glee over the child's rescue. Meek went over to the table on which stood a bowl of food which had been prepared for the child, seated himself in a chair and at once commenced the operation of feeding him.

"Yes," said Meek, "it shall have its dinner and its supper and its breakfast, and more, too."

The monkey had reached the table by this time and, while the parent was engaged in feeding the child, Jack would, when the opportunity offered, dig a spoon, he had possessed himself of, into the bowl of food, swallow it hastily and chatter away. After the child had eaten what the father thought sufficient, it went off into a sound sleep.

MEEK: "There, my lumpty bumpty, I guess you feel better or you wouldn't have gone to sleep, and now we will, both of us, have a go at it. (To stage manager.) I don't see any bed here, Mr. Stacy."

STACY: "Bed, for what?"

MEEK: "Why, to sleep on, of course."

STACY: "Bed to sleep on? You are not supposed to be in a lodging house, but in your own room. You simply take a chair, and you and the baby are supposed to fall asleep."

MEEK: "All right, then; here we go." (Sits in chair and falls asleep.)

Jack then takes full possession of the bowl. The parrot, seeing Jack's actions, calls out:

"Meek—baby—grub—Jack—steal—d——n." Screams loudly; shakes cage, which so annoys the monkey that he drops the bowl and jumps up on the parrot's cage, which enrages the parrot who grabs Jack's tail. Jack, in his endeavor to free his tail, pulls cage and parrot from the hook, the whole three coming to the floor with a loud crash, with Jack underneath the cage.

Meek is so startled that he jumps up, dropping the baby to the floor, whose screams, added to those of the parrot, and the screeching of the monkey, so frighten him that he is unable to tell whether a blizzard struck the corner of the house or the roof had been blown off by sewer gas. He grabs the baby and rushes off the stage, followed by the monkey and parrot.

STACY: "Now, then, DeCharles, that is you and Mrs. Meek."

DECHARLES: "Oh, is that us?"

STACY: "Yes, and for Heaven's sakes hurry up or we will be here till night."

MRS. MEEK (aside to DeCharles): "Pity he couldn't be kept here all night. Yes, Mr. DeCharles, it is really too wet outside to go to the races to-day. (Meek coming in with baby.) Why, Meek, what are you going to do with the baby?"

MEEK: "Take care of him, my darling; do you wish to hold him?"

MRS. MEEK: "Hold him, no! Ah, there is mamma's dear little monkey; come here Jack and kiss me." (Kisses her.)

DECHARLES: "I could kill that monkey."

MEEK: "Well, I hope I may disappear out of the

mouth of a cannon ; kisses the monkey, and forgets all about her baby."

MRS. M. : "Sammy, have you got tea ready yet? Mr. DeCharles is no doubt hungry since our stroll."

MEEK : "Well, I think Charley— "

MRS. MEEK : "DeCharles, sir ; because he is a friend of mine that is no reason you should take such liberties with him. Do you hear me, sir?"

MEEK : "Yes, my darling. Ah, nothing like having a fine spirited lady like this for a wife."

DECHARLES : "The helpless fool."

MRS. M. : "Meek, do go and put that child in bed; it makes me feel ill to see you running round the house with it. Now go !"

MEEK: "Yes, your mightiness. Come, Jack." (To monkey.)

MRS. MEEK : "Let Jack remain here."

MEEK : "All right, Jack, go to your Mistress." (Starts to go off; monkey runs after him, jumps upon his shoulders and goes off with him.)

MRS. MEEK : "Well, Mr. DeCharles, as tea is not ready I will go over and see poor Mrs. Drum, and try and console her over the loss of her husband. Will you go with me to her door?"

DE CHARLES : "With pleasure." [*They exit.*]

SCENE CHANGES.

HOME OF MRS. DRUM—ENTER MRS. MEEK AND MRS. DRUM—C. D.

MRS. DRUM : "Oh, Mrs. Meek."

MRS. MEEK : "What is the trouble?"

MRS. D. : "No, I cannot be deceived." [*Looks off r.*]

MRS. M. : "Was it not Gibbs, the fife player?"

MRS. D. : "Gibbs, the fife player Don't mention that little fright."

MRS. M. : "Who, then ?"

MRS. D. : "Ah, my dear husband."

MRS. M. : "You alarm me. Tell me, where did you see him ; in your chamber ?"

MRS. D. : "No, I was about to close the shutters, it being just twilight, when a figure all—"

STACY : "You should appear very much frightened when telling your story, and not talk and act as if you had just put a new ribbon on an old bonnet."

MRS. D. : "I will try to."

MRS. M. "Oh, don't mind him, Mrs. Drum."

MRS. D. : "He was covered over with sea weed, barnacles and live crabs."

MRS. M. : "Heavens ! This is a horrible tale."

STACY: "Do, for Heaven's sake, ladies, show some little fright and not sit there as if you were both exchanging chewing gum. Just imagine that, in the middle of night, a monster, like this, coming in upon you from the bowels or any other part of the ocean, shifting his quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other—from starboard to port, as it were—hitching his trousers, amid-ships, and singing out 'hot grog and no palaver.' Would you sit down as quietly as you are now doing ? Well, I rather think not! Now, do go on with the scene and please throw a little more fireworks into it"

MRS. D.: "I recognized in the mysterious figure that nightly visits my sleeping-room—"

MRS. M.: "Oh! Oh!

STACY: "That's it! That's it! Put plenty of ginger in it and the scene will make a big hit."

MRS. M.: "Did you not scream, cry out, nor make an outcry?"

MRS. D.: "Ah, Mrs. Meek, if you but knew him, so

handsome, so gallant, you would not scream. No, I loved him, while living, too well to do so. For the last five nights, have I seen him standing at the foot of my bed, scratching his left ear, and, on each occasion, he kissed me."

MRS. M.: "Horrible! Horrible." (Loud knocking at the door.)

MRS. M.: "Oh, Mrs. Drum, that must be the ghost. Oh, why did I ever leave my own Meek, to see this monster?" [*Enter Gibbs with a fife in his hand, d. in f.*]

STACY: "Mr. Dingle! Mr. Dingle! Mr. Dingle! Where are you? The stage is waiting for you! Will no person go and call Mr. Dingle?"

BLOBSON: "Dingle is up on the paint frame, sir."

STACY (To Dingle, up in the flies, shouting at the top of his voice): "Mr. Dingle, you are wanted for your scene."

DINGLE (Looking down from the paint frame.): "I am at work on this new kitchen that we use to-night and, if I come down, I will not have it ready. Will I go on painting and rehearse from the frame, or shall I come down there and let the scene go?"

STACY: "As things cannot be altered now, remain where you are and rehearse from there."

DINGLE: "Well, where am I now?"

STACY: "Why, you are on the paint frame."

DINGLE: "Yes, I know that. I mean, how far have we gone with the piece?"

STACY: "Where the ladies are expecting the first entrance of the ghost, after knock on door. You, then, come on."

DINGLE: (With paint brush in one hand and pot of paint in the other.): "Ah, ladies, I am delighted—"

STACY: "Louder, Mr. Dingle."

DINGLE: "to see you!"

MRS. D.: "What an insignificant looking creature!" (To Stacy): "Who am I speaking to, Mr. Stacy? There is no one on the stage but Mrs. Drum and I."

STACY: "Why, you refer to Gibbs who is now on the stage. I mean, who is up in the flies—that is, Gibbs is not up there, but Mr. Dingle, who plays the part. Dingle! Dingle! I say, Mr. Dingle, will you please pay a little attention and drop painting up there for one moment? If you don't, we can't get on."

MRS. M.: "Well, Mrs. Drum, as you have company, I will leave you; so adieu!" [*Exit.*]

GIBBS: "(Well, I am glad she is gone. Now, then, to attack the weaker part of Mrs. Drum's fortifications.) As your unfortunate husband is no longer a resident of this earth, but lives in the bowels of the ocean with shad, red herring, lobsters, shrimp, clams, oysters, whales and other kinds of shell-fish, it is your bounden duty to take to your arms one who will protect you. (She turns away.)

MRS. D.: "What, you—" (Turns to stage manager.) "Mr. Stacy, it is hard enough to rehearse my part with a man on the paint frame without being annoyed by the terrible clatter of the stage carpenters hammering and sawing behind me."

STACY: "Smiggs! Smiggs! Smiggs, I say!"

SMIGGS: "All right, sir. (To carpenters.) Will you stop your infernal din till I hear what the stage manager wants. (Noise stops.) (To Stacy.) "Well, sir?"

STACY: "It is impossible, Mr. Smiggs, to proceed with the rehearsal if the noise at the back of the stage is continued with your men sawing and hammering. It must be stopped. Do you understand me, sir? I said stopped, sir!"

SMIGGS: Then, sir, Juliet will have no tomb to lie in, nor Romeo to die in, to-night."

STACY: "Then we will cut out the scene and let them die else where."

SMIGGS: "All right, sir." [*Exits.*]

STACY: "Now, then, Mrs. Drum, you can proceed."

MRS. D.: "You, to protect me? Why, you are hardly large enough to protect yourself. [Aside.] *But how* can I get rid of this fellow. [Aloud.] You should understand, Mr. Gibbs, it would be very indelicate in my thinking of getting married without positive proof of my husband's death."

GIBBS: "Supposing I bring the joyful news of his death?"

MRS. D.: "Joyful? Are you mad, Mr. Gibbs?

GIBBS: "Excuse me. I mean the sad, sad news of his death. Then will you consent to be mine?"

MRS. D.: "Give me first the evidence and I will then make up my mind." [*Exit.*]

GIBBS: "I will frighten her into marrying me by my ghostly visitations at night." [*Exit.*]

STACY: "Ladies and gentlemen, as it is getting late, and as there is much work to be done towards the performance to-night, we will dismiss rehearsal for to-day." (All the members start for the street, taking the nearest routes for their boarding places.)

CHAPTER X.

THE OPENING NIGHT IN THE TOWN WAS GIVEN TO THE PRESENTATION OF THE SUBLIME TRAGEDY OF "MACBETH"—BLOBSON CAST FOR SEYTON—DIRE RESULTS, THROWN HEAD FOREMOST ON THE BASS DRUM, BOUNDS OVER ON TO THE LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA, WHO IS UNSEATED, "MACBETH," THROWN BY BLOBSON, FALLS ASTRIDE OF DOUBLE BASS VIOLIN, AND THE AUDIENCE FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES FROM THE THEATRE.

HE bill for the opening night was the sublime tragedy of "Macbeth," to be played for the first time by this company. As it requires a full cast for the piece, it is not easily handled by a light company and especially one like the N. G. L. D. Company who was obliged to double, treble and even quadruple the parts, as will be seen in the following distribution.

Blobson felt highly honored in being cast for so many different parts, on the presumption, the more parts one played in a piece, the greater his ability as an actor. The sequel, as will shortly be seen, was the reverse, as was demonstrated to every one in the theatre on the night in question. The bill was as follows:

"MACBETH."

By the late lamented William Shakespeare, will be given to-night with an extraordinary cast, new scenery and real properties.

THE ROYAL CAST IS AS FOLLOWS:

Duncan.....Mr. Naylor
Malcom } Two Young Girls From a Boarding School.
Donalbain } Their First Appearance.
Macbeth.....Virginius Rushforth
Banquo.....Mr. S. Stacy
Macduff.....Tenfold Bearbull
Lenox.....Mr. Blobson
Rosse.....Mr. Derelict
Seyton.....Mr. Blobson
Fleance.....Miss Yardwell
First Murderer.....Mr. Dingle
Second Murderer.....Mr. Blobson
Physician.....Mr. Anderson
Lady Macbeth.....Belinda Youthford
Hecate.....Mr. S. Brim
First Witch.....Miss Darwin
Second Witch.....Miss Eddestone
Third Witch.....Mr. Blobson
Fourth Witch.....Mr. Dingle

As will be observed by the cast of "Macbeth," Mr. Blobson was to play many parts in it, and was congratulated by Brim, the comedian, Anderson, the ventriloquist, and Bearbull, the heavy man, as one who would be sure to rise in his profession; all of which was honey to Blobson. Mr. Brim, the comedian, a stereotyped, practical joker, by the way, gave a knowing wink to Anderson and Bearbull, and asked if Mr. Blobson had

ever played the part of Seyton before. Mr. Blobson admitted that he had not, but presumed it was one of great importance.

"Importance!" said Brim, "well, I should say it was. Why," continued Brim, "if 'Seyton' did not come on at his cue, the curtain would have to be dropped and the audience dismissed."

"Well, I had no idea it was a character of such great importance," said Blobson.

"Importance!" said the heavy man. "Let me say to you, Mr. Blobson, in all kindness (with solemn and grave-like tones) the part of 'Seyton' is (if I may be allowed the expression) the one which holds the key, and in fact the lock, to the entire situation, carrying in its possession the keystone of the arch on which the whole structure of the play rests."

"Why, you surprise me."

"Surprise you? Well, sir, if you had played the part as often as I have, nothing would surprise you," said Mr. Bearbull. Everything depends on the 'Macbeth' you are playing with. Some actors are like sucking doves. They go through with the business of the piece as if they were only playing the part of a gentle love-sick swain, while others, when 'Seyton' comes on and announces that "Birnam Wood hath come to Dunsinane," rush upon the bearer of this news as hungry tigers pounce upon their helpless victims and tear them all to pieces."

"Is it possible, sir, that actors would be permitted by their managers to act in such an atrocious manner?"

"Atrocious manner?" said Bearbull. "Why, my dear sir, a manager has no right to interfere with an actor while on the stage before an audience. If he makes a hit in a part, no matter how it is done or at what

expense, even to breaking a limb of a fellow actor, no questions are asked by the manager."

"Then, if Mr. Rushforth, who will play the part, should so far forget himself as to injure me while on the stage, I would have no redress from our manager?"

"Not the slightest, Mr. Blobson. That is, if he made a hit. If he did not, the manager might remonstrate with him in the usual stage style. Nothing more. The actor might apologize to you, but would consider he had degraded himself in so doing. Leading men, my dear sir, look upon small people, *i. e.*, beginners in the dramatic art, as of no value to themselves or to others, and feel it a humiliation to be seen conversing with one of them. But, coming back to our subject, the elder Booth, as 'Richard the III,' was known to often chase, with sword in hand, the unoffending 'Richmond' from the stage out into the streets, who, to escape his anger, would conceal himself till Booth regained his senses.

"I will never forget the time I played 'Seyton' to the 'Macbeth' of an old time Barnstormer—Mr. Edwin Forrest—whose voice was like thunder, and whose strength was unparalleled. We were at the Griswold Opera House, in Troy, and he was our first star at the opening of the season. He informed me I would have to wear a belt, so that he could seize me quickly and throw me gently from right to left at night after I make my announcement. Well, instead of wearing a strong leather belt, I wore a thin and very flexible rubber belt. The night arrived, and with it my scene and cue. On I came and made my announcement, when in a voice of thunder he rushed upon me to throw me to the left of the stage, when, instead of throwing me, he threw himself by the flexibility of the rubber belt, landing some fifteen feet from

me. The surprise to him of my occupying an erect position while he was prostrated, and the audience roaring at him, so enraged him that he arose and rushed at me like a wild steer. He made a terrific blow with his fist at my face, but, being prepared for him (having studied the art of self-defense before going on the stage), I did not fear him, and at it we went, cross-cuts, upper-cuts, around the stage we waltzed, the audience crying out: 'Time! give it to him! We'll bet on the little fellow.' (That was me.) 'Macbeth' being a good boxer, I had all I could do to manage him, and would have been whipped had I not given him a jugular blow, which dropped him and dropped the play for that night. So you see by this how important a part is that of 'Seyton.'"

Brim, after assisting in this kindly advice to Blobson, encountered Rushforth in his dressing room, shortly after, and astonished him by telling him to watch "Seyton" when he came on to make his announcement.

"Why, Mr. Brim, do you make this request?"

"Simply this. Blobson who plays the part has a thirteen barreled pistol, each barrel loaded to the muzzle with lead, nails, screws, tacks and powder. We have advised him to leave it in his dressing room till he finishes his scene, but he will not do it," said Brim.

"Why the man is an idiot, and might do some person a deadly injury. I will not go on the stage if he plays the part," said Rushforth.

"Well, Mr. Rushforth," said Brim, (who, fearing the tale he told Rushforth might prevent him going on, which would spoil everything, thought he had better change his tactics) "Anderson and I will urge Blobson to give up his pistol or leave the theatre. Remain here a moment and I will return with an answer."

In a few moments Brim knocked at Rushforth's dressing room door and was admitted.

"Well," said Rushforth, "what was the result of the conference?"

"Anderson and I compelled him to give up thepistol."

"Thank heavens for that. Why, Mr. Brim, no man's life would be safe on the stage with such a man as that. But are you sure he has not another weapon concealed somewhere about his person?"

"We searched him thoroughly and not even a pin was found upon him," said Brim.

"'Tis well, and I breathe easier. You may now go, and before parting accept my thanks for your kindness."

Brim left him and went post haste to Blobson's room.

"Blobson," said he, "you are possibly not aware that Rushforth carries a forty-two barrel revolver, are you?"

"My heavens, no!" said the frightened Blobson.

"Well, he does, and in his angry scene in 'Macbeth' should he pull it on you, step quickly to the left third entrance, and we will have a self-loading rifle ready to place in your hands the moment he attempts to draw for you."

"But he may shoot before you hand me the rifle," said Blobson.

"Have no fear on that score, for if you do not get your rifle in time Anderson and I will cover you from the wings with two hair-trigger rifles, which kill at a distance of six miles or more."

"The moment Rushforth sees you raise your rifle, he is such a coward he will fall on his knees before you and cry for mercy."

"He is then a coward of the most abject kind and he will run rather than show fight," said Brim.

"I will follow your advice to the letter and show the bold Rushforth the mettle I am made of, Mr. Brim."

"Well, I will now leave you for the present. 'Screw your courage to the sticking point and there will be no such word as fail.'" And away went Brim.

The theatre on the night of the performance was crammed to the doors, as it had been hinted about town something of a novel and startling character would be introduced during the action of the piece. Every person in the town had heard of it, and when asked what the innovation was they could not tell, but it was to be something awful. Well, the night for the production came as well as everything else, and, as before stated, not a seat could be had after the doors opened, even standing room was at a premium. Every one, from the manager to the supernumeraries was in the dark as to the crowded house, and yet if Brim, Bearbull, or Anderson, were asked about it they could have easily explained matters.

These three worthies when approached looked like graven images, consequently no one bothered them on the subject.

When Blobson came up that night from his dressing room, ready to go on the stage, he presented an extremely ludicrous appearance. Brim had padded Blobson's nose, or in plainer words, taken a lump of cotton, smeared the underside of it with shellac, then placed it on his nose, padded or pressed it on so that it would not fall off, dotted the outside of it with Chinese red and a large black ring or wart on it. His eyebrows were large and bushy, made of cotton, and held on by the same means as the nose; while his face was whitened with bismuth, with the left eye covered over with a black ring, strongly suggestive of a serious street brawl, and a Falstaff suit of doublet and trunks gave him the

appearance not of a soldier of "Macbeth's" army but as "Falstaff" in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Brim and Anderson kept Blobson in the second entrance [*right*] so that the Stage Manager could not meet him, or he would not be allowed to go on that night, or any other for the matter of that.

Brim kept urging him to remember when he went on, to watch "Macbeth," or a terrible injury might be inflicted upon him.

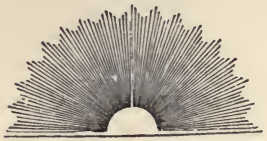
"The first attempt he makes to seize you," said Anderson, "give him your foot and throw him, or he will throw you, possibly into the orchestra."

In the meantime Brim had secretly tied to Blobson's doublet at the back a pack of extra large cannon firecrackers, and kept a lighted cigar in close proximity to the bunch of explosives. The cue was given by "Macbeth" for Blobson to come on. Brim touched one of the explosives, and as he rushed on, and before "Macbeth" had time to say "Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly," off went one of the explosives behind him, and, supposing "Macbeth" had in his excitement fired a bullet at him, Blobson rushed upon him and seized him. As he did so another shot was heard. "Macbeth" fearing he was to be murdered tried to throw Blobson off, which only excited Blobson the more. Ever and anon through the hand to hand encounter the loud report of one or more of the fire-crackers would be heard, and the contestants would struggle the harder, "Macbeth" trying to disentangle himself from the embraces of a strange assassin (for such he believed Blobson to be, having every indication of it), while Blobson feared "Macbeth" was in one of his spells, and if he released him his life would be the penalty, they continued to struggle. Those who were in the seats nearest the stage made

hasty exits to the rear of the theatre at each explosion of a fire-cracker, which would give out a sound similar to a small cannon. Every one of the company was in the wings. The orchestra was filled with the musicians, who sat there spell-bound, looking like statues, not knowing what would be the ending.

Blobson and "Macbeth" continued to hold on to each other, moving in a deadly embrace, first across the stage, from right to left, then up and down the centre, to the accompaniment of an explosive from Blobson's rear battery ; all of a sudden the whole bunch of explosives or what was left of them went off with a noise similar to a discharge of musketry; the shock was so great to the contestants that fright nearly paralyzed them. Brim seized the rain machine and was sending down torrents on the stage, the thunder was worked by the heavy man, who rattled it fiercely, and with the firing of Blobson's gun fire-crackers, it made the scene a dreadful one to the audience. The musicians tried to escape under the stage, but the door was fastened and they became panic-stricken. The contestants were jumping and rolling about the stage to free themselves from each other's grasp, and in their last effort Blobson was thrown head-foremost into the orchestra, landing on his head upon the bass drum; from this he bounded off, and striking the leader with his feet unseated him in double quick time. While "Macbeth," in trying to free himself from Blobson, made a leap towards the audience, missed his distance and brought up on the big, double bass viol, crushing it to pieces. The owner of it jumped over the rail, running out towards the front entrance of the theatre, and was followed by the entire audience, howling, crying and gesticulating wildly. Some were shouting the theatre was on fire, others averred the walls were

falling in. The doors were soon closed, the company went home, and Blobson was not seen for three days, or at least till the joke was explained to the manager.



Miss NEILSEN and Miss DAVENPORT
in the 12th Night.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STAGE REHEARSAL CONTINUED.

AT the call of the Stage Manager everything was in readiness on Friday morning to go on with the rehearsal of the "EXTREMES OF MARRIED LIFE."

"Now then," said Stacy, "you will, Mr. Barnaby Meek, commence the scene."

B. MEEK: "Well, where do I come on?"

STACY: "From centre door, of course."

B. MEEKS: "Well, it is not in my part."

STACY: "Well, mark it now, so that you will have it at the next rehearsal— Mr. Brim, please stop trying to balance chairs on your nose while the rehearsal is going on. Now, then, Mr. Meek, go on with your scene."

S. MEEK: "Did you call me?"

STACY: "No, sir. I spoke to Barnaby. Now, then, let's get on with the scene."

B. MEEK: [*Enters c. d.*] "Well, I wonder, where is my brother? As I live; here he comes! At least, I think I hear his footsteps. Yes, here he is!"

Barnaby waits and, seeing no one entering, turns towards the stage manager who is closely engaged at the first entrance in deep conversation with a young lady.

MR. B. MEEK: "Mr. Stacy, will you permit me to ask, why my brother is not on the stage?"

STACY (very much confused): "your brother—stage —oh!—ah!—excuse me! Where are you now."

B. MEEK: "Waiting for my brother to come on."

STACY: "Ah! yes! (Assuming his usual composure.) Sammy Meek, the stage is waiting for you!"

S. MEEK (who has been engaged in chatting with one of the lady novices): "All right, sir. Is that me?"

STACY: "Yes, sir; it is you, and I wish to say, sir, (very dignified) you should wait till the rehearsal is over if you wish to converse with ladies."

S. MEEK: "All right, sir. What's my business here?"

STACY: "Why, you bring on a stage-baby with you."

B. MEEK: Well, Sammy, are you the nurse?"

SAMMY: "Well, no. That is, my wife goes out; I look after young Sammy and attend to domestic affairs."

B. MEEK: "You do, eh?" You let your wife run the street to flirt with other men while you do the domestic work, eh?"

(Sammy places baby in cradle and brings flat iron from stove and commences to iron clothes.)

B. MEEK: "Why, what are you going to do now?"

SAMMY: "Well, the fact is, I am going to iron a few things for the baby. Children require a good many changes of linen."

BARNABY: "You pretend to tell me you do the washing and ironing of the baby's linen? Haven't you the means to employ a servant?"

SAMMY: "Oh, we have plenty of means but, the fact is, my wife is a very jealous woman and can't bear to have a servant in the house, as she says she don't know what might happen while she was out. Besides, her mother objects on the very same ground."

BARNABY: "They object, do they? Why, you idiot, do you swallow such rot as that? You wait till I come

across this pig-headed old mother-in-law of yours, as well as your ducksy of a wife. Won't I have a go with them? You just wait! I suppose you will tell me, you sometimes do the same kind act with your wife's linen, eh?"

SAMMY: "Well, sometimes, when she runs short, I do."

BARNABY: "Good Heavens! My brother washing and ironing for his baby and his wife! Well, wonders will never cease. Why don't you stick a sign on the outside of your house, 'Washing and ironing taken in by Sammy Meek.' Well, to think I should ever live to see the day when my brother would be washing and ironing for a family. Have you no dignity, no manhood left?

SAMMY (runs up to door and looks out): "As I live, Barnaby, here comes mother-in-law. Go and hide under the bed, or there will be an awful row."

BARNABY: What, me go hide under the bed? I guess not" (flourishes stick). [*Enter mother-in-law.*]

MOTHER-IN-LAW: "What, a stranger here, and in the absence of your wife? Do you know, sir, (to Barnaby) as the parent of Mrs. Meek, you are taking a great liberty in being here without my consent? Do you know that, sir?

BARNABY: "Madam, I wish you to understand this is my brother's house, and I cannot see what authority you have in addressing me as you do; and what is more, I will take none of your impudence, mother-in-law, father-in-law, sister-in or any other law."

SAMMY (near door): "Oh, Lord, there's going to be a row."

MOTHER: "Sammy, who is this person?" pointing at Barnaby.

BARNABY: "This person is the brother of your un-

fortunate son-in-law: and I intend he shall no longer stay in a place where he is the slave of two women who wa'k the streets while the husband does the washing and ironing of a whole family and runs under the bed at the approach of his mother-in-law."

MOTHER (to Sammy): "Is this the way you permit me to be insulted by your brute of a brother? What are you thinking about?"

SAMMY: "I was thinking it is my wife's place to stay at home and do housework, instead of romping the streets."

MOTHER: "My angelic daughter romping the streets; why, you good-for-nothing, miserable creature, you. How dare you!" [*Enter Mrs. Meek.*]

MRS. MEEK: "Why, my dear ma, who is this ugly looking person?"

MOTHER: "The beloved brother of your miserable monkey-husband, who has notified me I must leave this house."

MRS. M.: "Leave this house! Well, that is refreshing from a stranger I never saw before, to order my mother to leave my house."

BARNABY: "Permit me to observe, this house is not yours, but mine; bought and paid for by me, and permission given your husband to its use; and if he were to leave you to-morrow and let you and your mother hunt for your own support, outside of this house, it would be better for him, for here he has no home, but a life of misery and drudgery, while you leave your home and child to romp the streets, to flirt with men who pretend to belong to the nobility and make you their dupe, and your mother upholds you in so doing."

MOTHER-IN-LAW: "I never heard such outrageous language in all my life. Why do you not call the officer

of the law and have him ejected? Oh, if I were only a man for ten minutes, I'd teach him the respect due to our sex."

BARNABY: "If you were a man you would be ashamed of your own and your daughter's conduct, keeping the company of pretended lords, who are only waiters or barbers in disguise."

MRS. M: "Barbers, waiters! I associate with that class! Heaven forbid!"

[Knock at door. Enter DeCharles.]

DECHARLES: "Ah, ladies, how are you? By the way, who is this?" (Pointing at Barnaby.)

MRS. M: "He claims to be my brother-in-law, and has been abusing us as if we were the very worst creatures in town."

DEC. (To Barnaby): "Do you hear what this lady has said? Do you hear, sir?"

BARNABY: "I did, and I beg that you will not yell your remarks at me in that manner, it makes me nervous."

DEC.: "Makes you nervous, does it? Well, ladies, just watch me make this person more nervous. I won't leave a nerve in his body in ten minutes. I'll serve him for his impudence."

DEC. (To Barnaby): "Do you know, sir, that you have insulted these ladies, and that I, one of the nobility, am going to thrash you for it, and then throw you headlong into the street? Do you hear me?"

BARNABY: "I do, and you make me awfully nervous. Please don't speak so loud or you will really frighten me."

DEC. (To ladies): "You hear, ladies, and now see what a miserable hound he is."

SAMMY (Pulls Barnaby's coat, and whispers to him.):

"Oh, Barnaby, we had better run for it or this lord will wallop us both. I'll take the window and you the door."

BARNABY: "Sammy, you're a fool. Wait and we'll see the end of this very soon."

DEC.: "Ladies, watch me ring this cur's ear, and then toss him out doors." (Goes over to Barnaby; reaches to tweak his nose; Barnaby hits him full in the face, and as DeCharles is falling, he catches his hair and whiskers, and drags both off.)

BARNABY: "Ladies, now look at your lord, who is nothing but a common barber in the next street."

LADIES: "A barber!"

BARNABY: "Yes, a barber. You can rise." (To DeCharles.)

DEC.: "Yes, ladies, that is my calling, and I will bid you good day. (Goes to door.) And as for you (to Barnaby) I'll settle with you for this some day." [*He exits.*]

BARNABY: "You see, ladies, I knew this barber better than you did."

LADIES: "You did, and we thank you indeed."

MRS. M.: "And if my dear husband will only forgive me, my house, my husband and baby will be my only care."

SAMMY: "You have my forgiveness already, and I now propose we have a real jolly supper, and a general good time, so that we may forget the past and live only for the future and the happiness of all.

[*Enter a servant.*]: "Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Meek, there is a terrible time at Mrs. Drum's house, and she wishes some one to come at once." [*Exit.*]

SAMMY: "Trouble at Mrs. Drum's. Well, as we have settled our troubles at home, let us away and see what we can do for Mrs. Drum's troubles." [*All exit.*]

CHANGE OF SCENE.

The exterior of an inn yard, table and chairs on *r.* of *c.* DeCharles enters as Lord Go Away, accompanied by Tipperman, from *c.*

LORD GO AWAY: "Landlord, my room. My lady, you will go into the parlor and remain for a moment."

TIPPERMAN: "My lord, I would like to say a word before you go in the house. You intend, as I understand it, to make this young person you came here with your wife, I believe?"

LORD GO AWAY: Make her my wife? Why I married her not two hours ago, and here is the marriage certificate; you see her name and my own attached to it."

TIPPERMAN: "That is binding, sure enough! Reads: 'Ladie de Housie—' Was that her name before she was married!"

LORD GO AWAY: "Why certainly."

TIPPERMAN: "Well, sir, when I knew her, she was known as Betty Sulli, a chambermaid."

LORD GO AWAY: "Betty Sulli? Then she has deceived me and I am a ruined man."

"Ask her and she may tell you all. I'll retain this till the morning. [*Pockets marriage certificate and exits.*]

LORD GO AWAY: "To think that I, known as [Betty steals on at back.] DeCharles, now Lord Go Away, barber by profession, a love maker to the best ladies in the land, husband for ten years to one wife and now married to another, expecting her a lady of great means, to find she followed the business of a scourer of pots, kettles, and a chambermaid. Its awful!" [*Betty comes down c*]

BETTY: "Ah! My lord! I was coming to speak with you."

LORD: "Yes, madam; and I am glad we have met.

How dare you impose on a man of my standing; to deceive a man of my ancestry."

BETTY: "And I am deceived by a common barber."

LORD GO AWAY: "To pass yourself upon me as a lady of birth and station."

BETTY: "To pretend to be a lord; and only a lather scraper."

LORD GO AWAY: "To be only a bed maker and a pot scourer. But I'll have a divorce."

BETTY: "You have, now, a second wife, and that's transportation."

LORD GO AWAY: "So it is! I forgot that! Say Betty, will you go into the inn? And we will see how we can arrange matters." [*Exit into inn.*]

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Stage Manager Stacy to his company as they stood around the stove in the green room, one morning, "We will have to forget the cold, miserable weather outside, and rush our rehearsal through as there is much work to do in getting the stage ready for to-night's performance. We will now try and see how quickly we can get through with it. I would particularly remind every member of this, the Never Get Left Dramatic Company, that the eyes of the whole town are looking at us and, to make a success, there must be no sky-larking to-day, during rehearsal. Now then we will proceed to work. (They all go upon the stage)

STACY: "Now, then, Drum, that's you."

DRUM: "Me, why, I am not in this scene, am I?"

STACY: "Well, rather, that is if you play the part you are cast for."

DRUM: "All right. But where do I come on?"

STACY: "Well, for an actor of your age and experi-

ence, I am astonished at such a question. Don't it say you enter through a window?"

DRUM: "It does. But where is the window?"

STACY: "Why, why! (To stage carpenter.) Smiggs, does your stage plot call for a window in flat?"

SMIGGS: "Yes, sir."

STACY: "Then, where is it?"

SMIGGS: "It's not made yet. I sent to the manager for ten cents' worth of screws, but 'e 'asn't returned yet."

STACY: "Well, we can't wait here all day for those screws. Let's go on. Mr. Blobson, if you must use that vile weed, tobacco, don't expectorate behind the wings."

BLOBSON: "I see no other place."

STACY: "I do."

BLOBSON: "Where?"

STACY: "Why, swallow it."

BLOBSON: "Oh, Lord!"

STACY: "Come, now, Drum, let's get on. You will, in the absence of a window, jump off a chair into the room. Now, then, now, then, go on."

DRUM (Jumps off chair): "Ah, here I am, once again. But where, let me see, if I can, where I am. As sure as I am alive, this is my old room. Have a care, corporal, you have been away now nearly two years, and your wife, that was, might now be somebody else's wife; besides I am a deserter from my regiment, and if she is married again, and I kicks up a row about it, she may have me nabbed, and then I'll be scragged or shot. Oh, Lord, what's that? (Shouts heard outside.) My pursuers are after me. Where can I conceal myself? Under the bed; so I will."

DRUM: "Where is the bed, Mr. Stacy?"

STACY: "Bed, bed. What bed?"

DRUM: "Why, the bed I am to hide under."

STACY (Looking at manuscript): "Oh, yes, I see. Why the bed is on right of *c.*; at least it will be there at night. Just stand behind a chair for the present." (He goes behind chair.)

DRUM: "My pursuers will be sure to see me here when they come on."

STACY: "Suppose they do, they are not expected to see you, and if they do, it amounts to nothing."

STACY: "Now, then, Mrs. Drum." (Enter Mrs. Drum. Stage dark.)

MRS. D.: "All seems quiet."

DRUM (Aside): "Ah, there's the voice of my own little wife. (Ahem): Aloud!"

MRS. DRUM: "So, so, Mr. Gibbs, is here, eh, and in concealment, too."

DRUM: "Mary, my love." (*Sotto voce.*)

MRS. DRUM: "Well, I am sure. What next will I hear, and from a ghost?"

DRUM (Astonished): "A ghost."

MRS. D.: "Although it is dark here, I know your voice."

DRUM: "Then come to my arms, my—"

MRS. D.: "Stand off, you midnight apparition."

DRUM: "Mary, my love, I am your husband."

MRS. D.: "You told me that last night."

DRUM: "Last night."

MRS. D.: "Yes, and for several nights past. But it won't do Mr. Gibbs. You're found out although you think not."

DRUM: "Played the husband? Has this Gibbs been passing himself off as her husband, in my place?"

MRS. D.: "Now, then, leave this room. Vanish up the chimney. You have done it that way before."

DRUM: "Why, the woman must be crazy! Had you not better go to bed?"

MRS. D.: "And you in my room? No, sir! Mr. Gibbs, if you do not leave at once, I'll report you to your colonel. You see, I know you and was, this time, prepared for your visit."

DRUM: "I won't leave here for you, the colonel or the regiment!"

MRS. D.: "Very well, sir." [*Exit.*]

DRUM: "Well, this is a nice situation for a married man to be in after trying to escape the soldiers who were seeking me for a deserter; to be treated in this way by my wife. (A noise is heard in the chimney.)

VOICE (in chimney): "Help me! I'm dying!"

DRUM: "Dying, are you? Well, that's a very dirty place to die in! Here, give me one of your legs. (What if this should be the Gibbs that has been personating me. If it is, I'll kill him after he falls dead, out of the chimney!)" (Drum conceals himself behind the bed.)

GIBBS (Falls out of chimney on the floor): "Well, here I am; but I never thought I would be able to get down that chimney with all these clothes on. Never mind, here I am, and now to see my darling Mary."

DRUM (Very near him at back): "And I'm here to see you." (Aside.)

(Drum puts on his wife's night-cap, and gets cautiously into the bed.)

GIBBS: "I wish these habiliments were on a smaller scale; they impede the spirituality of motion so necessary to my ghostly character! (He approaches the foot of the bed, making several preparatory evolutions a la ghost.) I wish I could delicately ascertain whether she sleeps. (The Corporal gives a loud snore.) That's unequivocal evidence! (The snore is repeated.) A decided

case of snore! Her olfactory organs must be considerably out of order; for that so delicate a creature can be an habitual snorer is too horrible a supposition. How soundly she sleeps! Perchance she dreams of me.

DRUM: "Oh, you scoundrel." (In the bed.)

GIBBS: "She must mean me. Listen, thou slumbering beauty. (Shakes the bed.) She must sleep very sound."

DRUM (Imitates woman's voice): "Ah, is it you?"

GIBBS (Aside): "She expects me. Now for my ghostly and sepulchral voice: It is I, from the bottom of the ocean; I, your husband."

DRUM (Aside): "The ghostly villain."

GIBBS: "This is the tenth time I have quitted my sea-water bed to appear here before you, and to induce you to forget that old buzzard of a husband of yours, who is now only a spirit, and marry Gibbs. Did you not promise if I did not again visit you you would do it?"

DRUM (In a female voice): "No, I'll be h——d if I did."

GIBBS: "What is thy objection?"

DRUM: "Gibbs is an idiot."

GIBBS: "That is an answer I will not take."

DRUM (In bed, reaches out his shoe and lets it drive at Gibbs, and sends him sprawling on the floor): "Then, take that."

GIBBS: "Murder! Murder!" (And runs towards chimney.)

(Enter officer and soldiers, with Fanny leading. They seize Gibbs and prevent his escape up chimney. Drum slips quietly out of bed and conceals himself.

OFFICER (To Gibbs): "I arrest you, Corporal Drum, as a deserter from the King's services."

GIBBS: "Drum! Corporal Drum! Officer, you must have been drinking. I am not Drum."

(Corporal Drum shows himself at back to Fanny who, seeing him, is surprised. He comes down, motions to Fanny not to betray him, then advances to officer.)

OFFICER (To Drum): "What is your business in this room, and at this hour?"

DRUM (Points to Gibbs): "I cannot explain in the presence of the husband whose wife resides here. You understand, eh?" (Nudges officer.)

OFFICER: "Oh, I see; a little intrigue. Ha! ha! ha!" (Points to Gibbs.)

GIBBS: "Might I ask the cause of your merriment?"

OFFICER: "Never mind, sir. Come, Corporal Drum, fall in."

GIBBS: "I told you a moment ago I was not Corporal Drum; my name is Gibbs."

OFFICER: "Well, Drum or Gibbs, you must go with me."

MRS. D. (Enters. She sees Drum, recognizes him and cries out): "Heavens! My husband!" Looks in disgust at Gibbs and faints in chair.

OFFICER (To Gibbs): "You see, sir, your wife has recognized you."

GIBBS: "Nonsense, man, you are all mixed up!"

FANNY (Aside to Mrs. Drum who has revived): "Go and make love to Gibbs; it is the only way to save your husband, here, from arrest."

MRS. D. (Rushes to Gibbs): My darling husband, do I, once again, see you after your long absence?"

GIBBS: "Keep your darling words for some one else I have had too much of this already. Leave me."

MRS. D.: "Not one darling embrace?"

GIBBS: "Not an embrace!"

MRS. D.: "Not a little bit of a one?"

GIBBS: "No, I'll be shot and scragged afterwards and then I wouldn't!"

OFFICER: "You'll be shot any way."

GIBBS: "That's cheering."

Soldier brings in package to the officer who opens and reads.

OFFICER: "What's this: 'You will give up any further search for Corporal Drum who was accused of killing his captain and deserting the service. The said captain was not killed, as reported, but was taken prisoner and is now safe and sound in camp. Post this notice in a prominent place.'"

DRUM: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Wife, come to my arms."

MRS. D.: "My dear husband!"

OFFICER: "Are you, then, Corporal Drum?"

DRUM: "The same, sir; at your service."

OFFICER: "And this is?" (Pointing to Gibbs.)

DRUM: "Why, Gibbs, the fifer who has, for over a year, been trying to frighten my wife."

OFFICER: "How so?"

DRUM: "Why, by dressing in ghostly garb and coming to her bedside at night and telling her he was her dead husband and advising her to marry Gibbs."

OFFICER: "So this is how you were working upon the fears of an unprotected woman, eh? Soldiers, take him with you and, when we get to camp, I will pass sentence upon Mr. Gibbs. Right about, march!" [*They exit.*]

[*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Meek and Barnaby.*]

BARNABY: "Well, friends, what is the trouble?"

MRS. D.: "The trouble is now at an end and we are all happy. My husband has returned, alive and well, and will soon get a discharge from the army. As for Gibbs, he will get his just deserts."

[*Enter Bailiff with Lord Go Away, alias DeCharles, alias the barber, and Lady DeHousie, alias Betty the chambermaid*]

BARNABY: "Hello! What's all this?"

BAILIFF: "Well, sir, this 'ere man and 'ooman has done and gone and cumitted bigimy, and I comed here to get the assistance of the willage to help me to take him to jail."

BARNABY: "Bigamy, eh? Well, Mrs. Meek, you now see your Count DeCharles, *alias* Lord Go Away, *alias* the barber, in his true character; don't you?"

MRS. M.: "Yes, I now see what my folly would have led me into were it not for your timely and generous warning. Oh! From what a horrible fate I have been saved, and I thank you for it." (Shakes his hand and goes over to her husband.)

BAILIFF (To Barnaby): "Well, sir, as I was saying, this wagabone 'as a wife hallready, and 'e goes and marries this 'ooman; and she goes hand marries 'im; hand they both marries heach hother; hand hi hasks all your hassistance to 'elp me take 'em to the lock-hup."

BARNABY: "You shall have it. Every man and woman of us will give you our assistance and help to see this vagabond get his just deserts. So away with them and we will follow to see vice punished and virtue rewarded. A fitting end for the "Extremes of Married Life."

[*Curtain.*]

STACY: "Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, as the rehearsal is finished, if you will sit down for a few moments, the treasurer will be here and pay you your salaries."

At this there was great rejoicing. Even the scene-painter, who was upon the frame, heard the order and worked the harder to finish up a kitchen flat. Blobson, who was keeping him company, also heard the remark

and was so pleased he jumped up from a board on which the pots, filled with paints of different colors, were resting, and they landed on the floor. In an instant all was excitement on the stage, as nearly every one of the company had retired to the back to chat over their salary and other matters and hardly one escaped a drenching of the paints pouring down from the paint gallery. Blobson and the painter, who was a bit of a wag, seeing and knowing the result of the disaster, made for the scuttle of the theatre and entered one of an adjoining stable, wending their way to their boarding houses.

The stage manager and others, when they reached the paint platform, found no one present. The opinion, as afterwards given by Stacy, was, "The heat of the stove must have caused the paints to expand in the pots and caused the explosion. Really, my friends, it's a mercy the whole theatre wasn't blown up and our bodies scattered to the four points of the compass."

CHAPTER XII.

BLOBSON AND PROPS TAKE A ROOM JOINTLY IN THE NEW BOARDING HOUSE—HOW PROPS AND BLOBSON WOULD RUN A THEATRE IF THEY WERE MANAGERS—PROPS' IDEA AS TO HOW REHEARSALS SHOULD BE CONDUCTED—EVERYTHING MUST BE REAL—THE REAL REHEARSAL BLOBSON AND PROPS HAD IN THEIR NEW BOARDING HOUSE AND ITS DISASTROUS ENDING TO EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE BUT MORE PARTICULARLY TO THE FURNITURE.

AMONG traveling companies, it is the custom for single men or those whose wives are in separate or other companies to go in pairs and, on reaching a town, to look for a boarding house where two will room together. This may not be the universal but it is the general custom and is quite prevalent. Blobson and Derelict, the property man or Props as he was called by the company, always roomed together.

Props had a soul above furnishing the necessary articles called for on the stage; and sought relief, when alone, in trying to digest Shakespeare. "Macbeth" was his beau ideal, and especially the dagger scene where "Macbeth" sees, in his wrought up imagination, the instrument moving in mid-air towards the chamber of the king.

"Ah! Blobson," said he, while sitting in their room, trying to keep themselves warm by getting as near as possible to a dying fire in a sadly decayed sheet iron stove, "one day, I will surprise you with the innovations I will make in the rendering of 'Macbeth.'"

"Why, what do you mean?" said Blobson.

"Why, sir," said Props, "I intend, when I come on, in the dagger scene, the audience will see the very dagger that 'Macbeth' speaks about."

"That would be wonderful; in fact, I have never heard of such an innovation. Is it your own idea?"

"All mine; an I I intend to have it patented. You see, when 'Macbeth' orders his servant to retire, he locks the door to prevent the entrance of eaves-droppers and, on turning around in the direction of the king's chamber, he sees the imaginary dagger and speaks as follows—now watch me and I'll show you how it goes—

PROPS: "'Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee! I have thee not and yet I see thee still! Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight? Or art thou but a dagger, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet; in form, as palpable as this which I now draw! Thou marshallest me the way that I was going and such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses or else worth all the rest. I see thee still and, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood which was not before. There is no such thing. It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes.'

"By this, you will observe, nobody in the house sees the dagger he speaks of, consequently the audience is obliged to take 'Macbeth's' word for it. Time and again I have watched an audience through a peep-hole in the

property room, when the play was given and, when 'Macbeth' speaks of the imaginary dagger, I have seen plenty of the people in the auditorium look in the direction 'Macbeth' was looking for the dagger spoken of, and the impression on their faces showed downright disgust in being fooled in looking for something that never existed. One night, at a town we stacked up at, 'Macbeth' was played and, when 'Macbeth' spoke of the imaginary dagger, a big country lout yelled out: 'That's an old chestnut! I got caught on that once and you can't get me to look for your old dagger again.' The audience commenced to roar and yell and that ended the night's performance. My method is, to make a reality of this scene."

"How will you proceed? You must certainly speak the same lines and, if you do, you will be subject to being ridiculed as have others," said Blobson.

"I will speak the same lines but my dagger business will be different. I will have a dark stage, to start with a drummond light on the fly gallery; my dagger will be suspended from above the flies and will be worked by the prompter. When I give the cue and I clutch at it it is there, the light being thrown on it from above. The audience see the dagger, see that I am really jumping at it, skating around after it as it were; that it is the simon pure article; that there is no humbug about it; and I win my applause and any spare bouquets that the audience may have. How is that for an original idea?"

"A brilliant one," said Blobson, "but when do you think you will put it in operation?"

"The very first opportunity I have to play 'Macbeth.' To-morrow, after rehearsal, you and I will go through a scene or two of the 'Pirate Chiefs.'"

Mrs. Church kept the boarding house in which Blobson

and Props boarded and, on the following morning at breakfast, she appeared quite agitated and often looked towards that part of the table where Blobson and Props were seated.

After the breakfast hour, she was asked by one of the boarders, a Major Bump, why she appeared so excited.

"Excited? Oh! Major," said she, "if you only knew all, you would fly from this house!"

"Good Heavens, Madam! You surprise me! What—what is it, eh?"

"Read that letter, I received last night." (Gives him letter.)

"My Dear Mrs. Church:

Although a stranger to you and a married man, (I make mention of my being married so that you will see my intentions are strictly honorable and have no designs upon you), as I said before, I am a stranger, yet I take an interest in your welfare and wish to warn you of the danger you and all your boarders are in from robbers and murderers now under your roof under the assumed names of Blobson and Derelict.

Yours in haste,

J. B. Pawn Shop."

"Pawn Shop, that is a queer name, indeed, but the contents are startling and I do not wonder at your excitement. I will go immediately and buy a pair of pistols and extra bolts and bars for my door. As for you, Mrs. Church, go alarm all your boarders. Tell them to prepare themselves for the defense of their property and their lives. Go, you, and inform the police to be in readiness; and, when these marauders again enter the house, we will compel them to surrender or death will be their doom: no quarter will be given nor asked.

"Now, I will away to the gunsmith's. Go, Mrs.

Church, at once, and tell your boarders to do likewise." (And out of the house the major went as fast as his legs would carry him, while Mrs. Church rushed frantically to alarm the police.)

The return of Blobson and Props to their boarding house in time for lunch had to be postponed by these two worthies owing to a long drawn out rehearsal which lasted till 2 P. M.; and, as they were aware of Mrs. Church's peremptory orders that no meals would be served after regular dining hours, they stopped in at a restaurant and partook of a slight repast, after which, they strolled leisurely to Mrs. Church's. Arriving there, they inadvertently went through the side gate, instead of (as was their usual custom) through the front hallway, and so gained their room on the top floor unobserved by the inmates of the house, little thinking that nearly every boarder was in the dining-room with loaded pistols and the hall filled with officers of the law to capture them.

"Well, Blobson," said Props, after entering their room and securing the door with lock and bolt, "I propose we go through a rehearsal of the play I am to present on the night of my benefit, 'The Pirate Chiefs.'"

"Have you the combat swords we are to fence with?" said Blobson.

"Everything is here, in this room; even to the costumes we wear; and, if you are agreeable, we will off with our street attire and don our stage costumes," said Props.

"I am agreed and, between you and I, Props, I am satisfied one gets a more perfect conception of a character when the costume is worn at a rehearsal, than without it. The idea of an actor, cast for a Roman soldier, 'Othello' or 'Hamlet,' 'King Lear' or 'Romeo,' rehearsing in modern street costume is too absurd to even talk about.

"Props, when I become manager of a theatre, I will change all of this. If 'Othello' is to be played, he must dress the part at the rehearsal, even to coloring his face with burnt cork. Every one in the cast must be properly costumed even to the supers. In the orchestra, not even the bass drum would be omitted; and I think I would have the ushers in front, placing imaginary people in their seats, while the ticket-takers would be receiving imaginary tickets sold by the box office keeper. The curtain, I would have go up at the commencement of every act and fall when it ended. The scenes would be run on and off at the proper time, and every property used in the piece should be in readiness for each one in the piece. I would even go so far as to have the night doorkeeper at his post at the back door and, on no account, permit him to let any person in to see me or any of my company during rehearsal. The same stringent order, I would strongly impress upon the box-keeper in the front of the house. As to my company, I would not permit them to address me during rehearsal nor at any other time unless I so desired it. Familiarity, you know, breeds familiarity—don't you know! Ah! well, it is useless for me to dwell on the future; so let us, as we are now fully costumed, commence our rehearsal. Where are the short swords?"

"Here they are," said Props as he brought two from the depths of an old trunk or, more properly speaking, a champagne basket.

"Do we carry swords through the first act?" said Blobson.

"Why, of course. We are two pirate chieftains, opposed to each other; and, when we first meet, we rush at each other with our swords drawn and have a terrific combat which is continued till we both fall exhausted.

Mr G V BROOKE as OTHELLO.

After we recover, we look at each other for a moment and then advance again but, instead of resuming the strife, we shake hands and swear to become friends. We then plan the murder and robbery of all who oppose us. In a word, we drink, eat and swim in gore. Now, then, you go into the closet where we keep our weekly wash. We will consider that the right first entrance; and I will come from behind the bureau as if from the left first entrance. The back of the room, we will suppose, to be a dense wood with a night view of the sea and, in the distance, a ship on a west-sou-west tack."

"How about having the moon, reflecting its light and partly obscured by a cloud, just passing in front of it?" said Blobson.

"Elegant suggestion. Let me see what will answer for the moon. Oh! I have it!" said Props. "There is the stove-pipe hole; how will that do?"

"That's not so bad; but we ought to have the shore covered with rocks and a sort of lookout, to be able to see passing vessels," suggested Blobson.

"I'll soon remedy that. We will imagine the chairs to be rocks, and the bedstead a lookout. Under the bedstead, we will shove your trunk, representing a keg of powder, and, when the proper signal is given, we will, with our men, be on the lookout. Our captors, that is, one of them, will steal in under where we stand, touch a match to the barrel of gunpowder, and we will be blown to Davy Jones' locker. Now, let us move the bed over against the door and that will be the lookout," said Props.

"We can't move it, it is too heavy, unless we take it to pieces," said Blobson.

"On, we can easily do that. Here is the bed-screw."

In a few moments, the bed was in readiness and was

moved and placed against the door; but their haste was so great they omitted to refasten the screws properly in the bedstead, and it was only held in position by supporting itself against the door which, if suddenly opened, would tumble it in upon the occupants. Giving this no further thought, the rehearsal commenced. In the meantime, one of the boarders overheard an unusual noise upstairs as of moving furniture and apprised Mrs. Church, who summoned all hands to follow her to the room occupied by Blobson and Props. The landlady led the way followed by the police and, by the time the rehearsal commenced, the hallway leading to their door was pretty well crowded.

The major brought up the rear guard with a very aged and dilapidated step-ladder, actually held together by short pieces of string. Under his left arm, he carried a fire-shovel and tongs, and in his right hand coat-pocket, were two of the old style of flint-lock pistols. In answer to a question by one of the boarders who had a clothes-pounder to be used, he said, "To batter in the door if necessary," the major replied:

"I am here, sir, to protect the interests of this entire household. I have brought, as you may observe," he continued, "my step ladder. It will serve me, when I have ascended it, to look over the field of battle and view the position of the enemy we are about to capture. I, myself, sir, will lead and leave others to follow me."

At this juncture, Blobson and Props were heard from within.

Blobson (within, and to Props): "Ac-ac-cur-sed villain! Do I look upon you again?"

Props (Within room): "For years, I have sought thee on sea and land, and now you shall die the death of one or more dogs."

BLOBSON: "'Tis well! Come on!"

They cross swords. They commence the combat; three up and two down, then head blows; they cross and strike. Props falls on one knee, defends himself, then rises, strikes down Blobson who crawls around after Props, both still fighting with swords, while the boarders in the hall are nearly wild with the clashing of swords, and the words: "Fiend, monster, pirate and murder," float out through the keyhole occasionally.

The major is urged by the boarders to mount his outlook (the aged step-ladder) and, from the transom overhead, order them to surrender to the law. But he declines on the ground that it is too early in the battle to interfere.

"Let them go on and, by the time they have killed a dozen or more, inside, we can easily rush in, capture the rest— I hear their voices! Listen!"

BLOBSON (Within): "Ah! I see my comrades coming this way. Now, then, dastardly villain, your hour has come! Prepare to meet the cowardly death you so richly deserve!"

MAJOR (Outside, in hallway): "Now, then, will come the death struggle and we will easily capture them. Now, then, to ascend my lookout and review the battle." (Goes up the step-ladder and peeps diagonally through the transom window, keeping his head out of range of any flying bullets that might come his way.)

The police have, by this time, brought up an iron crowbar to force the door at the request of the landlady who is in a terrible state of excitement.

Blobson (in room) has by this time leaped on the bureau, flourishing his sword, while Props makes a flying leap on the bed which, as stated before, was only sup-

ported by being placed against the door, requiring only a slight jar to precipitate it to the floor.

Props and Blobson throw away their swords, draw out six-shooters, having only blank cartridges in them, and commence to fire at each other. The first fire so surprised the major, and, believing himself hit in a vital spot, he went tumbling off the ladder which was split into kindling wood. The police made a rush at the door with the crowbar, driving it in, precipitating the bedstead and knocking over the bureau, burying Blobson, Props and the police under the débris and putting to flight every boarder in the house.

Blobson and Props having crawled from underneath the fractured furniture and, believing an earthquake struck the house, ran out of it for their lives. Up the street they flew, with their stage clothes on and a hooting, yelling crowd after them. Coming to a narrow alleyway, they found a fence gate open and dodged in and remained till darkness covered them from the eyes of all observers. When the lamps were lit in the streets, they wandered towards the theatre, got through the night's performance and left the town with the company before daylight. That there was an earthquake and every one in their late boarding house was killed on that eventful day, they still believe.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COMPANY LEAVE NEW LONDON FOR NEW YORK BY THE STEAMER WORCESTER—ANDERSON, THE VENTRILOQUIST, KEEPS EVERYBODY IN HOT AND, IN FACT, COLD WATER—THE CAPTAIN, THE PILOTS, THE ENGINEERS HAD WHAT MIGHT BE TERMED A CIRCUS ALL NIGHT—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ADVANCE Agent Flick succeeded in bringing them safely by rail to the City of New London, just as the sun was spreading its warm and cheerful rays over the waters of the Thames river. After arriving at the depot, the company followed agent Flick to the hotel, where an elegant and soul-comforting breakfast was hastily disposed of by a crowd of very hungry mortals. As Flick had only arranged for a one-night stand at this town, no rehearsal was necessary. "Macbeth" was the play of the evening, but Blobson was not cast for the part of Seyton, as the management had some doubts of an impending disaster if Blobson appeared in the cast. When the doors opened Flick was on hand to see that matters in the front of the house were fully looked after.

The house was well filled on the night in question, and the performance proved a satisfactory one.

The Steamer *Worcester*, of the Norwich Line, with Captain Ward in command, assisted by Chief Steward

Murphy, made the company welcome when they arrived on board, which was after 11 P. M. The steward, by order of the captain, provided the company with a supper that could not be duplicated in many of the leading hotels, and they showed their appreciation of the repast by doing the greatest degree of justice to it. By the time they had finished the midnight meal, 12 P. M., the steamer's lines were cast off and she moved down the Thames on the way to New York

Every room on the boat had been engaged in advance, and had it not been for Captain George W. Brady, the general agent of the line, who was on board, they would have been obliged to sit up till they reached New York. Flip discovered this gentleman among the crowd, introduced himself, stated his position with the company, and the necessity for securing sleeping accommodation for the ladies, if not the gentlemen. Anything would be better than chairs.

"Your name is Flick, the agent of this company," said Captain Brady.

"Correct, sir; and you see before you a man who has traveled and handled more show people than all the managers in the United States. I once, sir, run a tribe of Indians." Flick was about to work off on the captain his old Indian story of 500 miners, trebling, making 1500. But Captain Brady knew the old story backward, and cut Flick short by saying, "Yes, I understand it; heard it when I was a boy. Relative to sleeping accommodations, I will provide you with temporary beds on the floor similar to what has been done for the ladies and gentlemen already occupying the forward part of the cabin. The beds and bedding have never been used as they were made for the rooms and will take the places of those now in use in a very short time."

The steward was called, and in a half hour the whole company were in bed and asleep, except Anderson, who was not so inclined, but felt like having a little fun.

Captain Ward and nearly all the passengers had turned in for the night. Anderson strolled out on the lower deck, and, on looking about, discovered a brass pipe or speaking tube leading from this deck upwards, but where it terminated he did not know. An idea suddenly occurred to him to investigate, as to whether it ran into the bowels of the boat or the heavens above. Going up to it he yelled out in a close imitation of Captain Ward's voice, "What's the hour?"

"One P. M., sir," was the answer returned.

ANDERSON: "Who are you?"

"I am Billy Plimpton, taking my trick at the wheel with my mate, Bob Skettles, sir."

"So I have struck the pilot house, eh," said Anderson to himself. "Well, here goes. I say, Billy, you are going too fast, slow her up."

"Slow her up. Aye, aye, sir. I say, Bob, ring that engineer's bell. I think myself she is going pretty speedy.

"Billy, the commodore has got his weather eye on us to-night," said Bob.

ANDERSON (Up pipe): "How's that starboard light? Look lively now, do you hear?" (To pilots.)

"Aye, aye, sir," said Billy. "My eye but the commodore is lively to-night."

"Bob, go out and see how the light is."

ANDERSON (Up pipe): "Haul her more to port."

"Port it is, sir," said Billy.

ANDERSON (At pipe): "If you keep her going at this jog trot every old sloop will give us her heels. Wake up the engineer."

BILLY: "Aye, aye, sir." (Bell pulls for engineer to give her more steam.)

Sturdy engineer Joe in the engine room: "I wonder what in thunder is the matter with those pilots to-night. They must be enjoying themselves over a bottle. (Bell rings to slow her up.) Well, I hope I may be— Well I won't swear, but if those pilots ain't drunk (Slows down engine) I am off my base. (Bell rings to increase speed). Well, well, did any body ever see pilots acting in such a manner? Here I am stopping and starting, speeding and slowing her till I'm nearly tired out."

ANDERSON (Up pipe): "Swing her more to starboard."

"Starboard she is, sir. I say, Bob, what in——is the matter with the commodore, to-night?"

ANDERSON (At the pipe): "Pilot, order the mate to heave the lead and see where we are."

BILLY (Speaking down pipe): "Aye, aye, sir. I say, Bob, what'll we do? The mate turned in two hours ago, and neither of us can leave here for that purpose; we would lose our license if it was found out."

"Why, sing down the pipe to the engineer," said Bob.

"All right. (Billy sings down the pipe): I say, Joe, the commodore wants you to wake up the mate, to throw the lead."

"Oh, to— Well, well, here's a nice business for a chief engineer on a Sound Line. Wants me to be a rouse-em-out. Well, I knew engineering was never thought much of, but when a captain goes so far as to place 'em on the list of rouse-em-outs, I think, Joe, it's about time for you to quit the business and hire out as a deck hand. I wouldn't be surprised the next order he will give me will be to go and lower the anchor over the side of the boat—"

PILOT (Down pipe): "Back her, Joe! Look lively! It's captain's orders."

"Oh, hang the captain! I guess he is as full as the pilots."

And with an action savage enough to throw the whole engine out of gear for a month, he shut off steam and reversed it so quickly several of the passengers at the bar were thrown on top of each other, while the barkeeper leaped over the bar and fled upstairs, expecting the boat had come in collision with another craft.

ANDERSON (Up pipe to pilots): "Are you fellows drunk up there, or is it the engineer? Ask him, is he drunk or sober."

BILLY (Sings down engineer's pipe): "The commodore wants to know, 'Are you drunk?'"

JOE (Up pipe): "If I was up in that pilot house, I'd answer that question by pounding you two lubbers finer 'en coal and ashes. Wait till we get to the dock. I'll teach you what it costs to say I'm drunk."

The shock which many of the passengers felt by the sudden stoppage of the boat woke up the captain who hurried up into the pilot house to find out the cause. The dawn was just breaking and everything in the pilot house appeared to the captain to be in perfect order. Bill and Bob were looking out the port window, wondering why the captain kept the boat at a standstill, when they were startled by his old familiar voice, not through the pipe but in the wheel-house.

"Why, boys, what are you keeping the boat here for?"

"Why, captain, you gave orders, a few minutes ago, to stop and back her. That's all we know about it," said Bill.

"I gave you such an order? Why, man, I was sound asleep in my room till I was nearly knocked out of it by the shock the boat got a few moments ago!" said the captain.

"Asleep," said Bill, "and you wasn't giving us orders through the pipe all night?"

"Certainly not, as Captain Brady, who occupied the room with me, will testify if necessary. But ring the engineer's bell so that we can be making headway while we are coming to some understanding." (The bell is rung and the boat starts)

Joe (In engine-room): "There goes that ——— bell again. Well, I'll just start her up once more but she will never stop till I get her in New York; not if they pull that bell till doomsday, captain's orders or no captain's orders. I'll show those funny pilots, up stairs, they cannot steer me even if they do the boat."

"Then you are really serious that it was I speaking to you through the pipe?" said the captain.

"Yes, sir, and so is Bob. Your voice sounded just as natural as it does now."

"Well, well, I must see about this."

The boat had already rounded the battery when Captain Brady came over to where Captain Ward was standing and introduced him to Mr. Anderson as one of the members of the dramatic company. Explanations were in order. Captain Brady let the cat out of the bag by saying Anderson admitted it was he who personated the captain through the speaking tube and mixed up the crew. As no damage was done, the captain took it as a good joke and said he would explain it to his men.

J. Lester Wallack as the Prince of Wales.
in King Henry the IV

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COMPANY VISIT THE HAMBURG STEAMER TO SEE A CELEBRATED AMATEUR OFF—BLOBSON'S UNFORTUNATE AND DIRE MISHAPS ON COMING DOWN THE GANG-PLANK—HE GOES OVERBOARD CARRYING WITH HIM THE LAUNDRY MAN AND THE SHIP'S LAUNDRY—A GENERAL MIX OF MEN, SEA-WATER AND THE WEEK'S WASHING—BRIM'S STORY OF HIS EARLY THEATRICAL BARNSTORMING—THE COMPANY STARTS ON THE ROAD AGAIN—A BIG TRICK ON LILLY LANGTRY'S COMPANY—OFF FOR PLUNKTOWN.

IT had been arranged by the manager of the company when it landed in New York to see Miss Eldorado DeDelascour on board of one of the Hamburg-American Packet Company's elegant steamers before she sailed for Europe. Every member of Bluffington's company was on hand to do honor to the lady's departure. Miss DeDelascour was not by any means what might be termed a beauty, nor a giddy young chicken, but she had a fetching way about her, and a private fortune to support her, even if the stage would not. Never having appeared on the regular boards only on benefit nights, in a scene from "Hamlet," "Fazio," "Macbeth," or "Romeo and Juliet," she had slight claims to the title of actress.

Bluffington was her debtor for various sums, and to

show his appreciation of her great genius (as he put it) was the supposed cause of his having his company go and see her off.

When Bluffington got on board he rushed into one of the gorgeous saloons where he found her ladyship holding court before a large number of butterfly admirers.

Every member, even to Blobson, Anderson, Props and Smiggs, were there to do her honor, and wish her *bon voyage*. Of course, this was more than gratifying to her, and she made the most of it, and looked upon the other lady passengers with the contempt she felt for her sex, and especially those who were not included in the circle of the 400. Bluffington, it was noticed, kept very close to her ladyship, and before he left her she was observed to place in his hands quite a roll of money, all of which he accepted with a grateful bow, and then retired. This was the cue for the rest of the company to do likewise. Blobson led off by stepping from the ship to the gang-plank in a sort of hop-skip-and-jump style, and before he could check the speed at which he flew down the gangway he came full tilt against two waiters who were coming up with bundles of laundry work on their heads, and the concussion being so great that bundles, waiters and Blobson were thrown over the man-ropes into the river. In a moment all was excitement; cooks, sailors and waiters were seen throwing over buckets and nearly everything that they could lay their hands on to save the unfortunates in the water. The waiters were soon pulled on board, but it seemed as if Blobson had made up his mind to drown. Every effort to save him was unavailing, until Smiggs seized a long spike pole and thrust the hook into the broadest part of Blobson's pants; the spike in the pole held him. Blobson made frantic efforts to ignore the presence or assistance

his friends were rendering him, and clung tenaciously to the water. Against his will he was drawn in shore, and after working and pumping three or four gallons of water from his stomach he was induced to go behind some cotton bales and dress in a dry suit of clothes the agents of the line purchased for him, after which the ship started on her outward trip.

Bluffington's company having to stay in New York a few days owing to their opening in another town being postponed, Flick was advised to seek a boarding house where the whole company might be accommodated. This he did and it is here we find them at the opening of this chapter. A half dozen or more were seated around a comfortable fire in Sammy Brim's room, smoking and chatting away on matters theatrical.

"Boys," said Brim, after lighting his pipe afresh, "this trip, to me, so far, has been an enjoyable one and better a thousand times than we could dream of twenty or twenty-five years ago. If I were to give you a few of my experiences, I would, I am sure, leave you much cause for reflection."

"Come, Sammy, give us the story," said Flick. "We have nothing to do for several hours. We are warm and comfortable here and it is rainy and cold outside, and a story is what we want."

Sammy, being prevailed upon by all present to give his early barnstorming experiences, he submitted.

"Well, boys, at the commencement of my story, I was doing respectable business and would occasionally do dialect bits. Arriving in New York after a disastrous two-months' season, I applied at a dramatic agent's office which was on the third floor of a building on Broadway, corner of Broome, directly opposite what was then known

as Wallack's Theater, afterwards the Broadway Theatre, but first known as Brougham's Lyceum."

"That, I presume, was the only place of amusement in New York," said Blobson.

"Oh, no; there were several others but I speak only of this one to better locate the spot. There was no Rialto, no Daly's, no Broadway, Casino, Palmer's, Lyceum, Bijou, Fifth Avenue, Standard or many others I could mention. Well, up stairs I climbed and, after poking around in the darkness, I found the door and entered. There I discovered the room devoted to professionals pretty well filled with people representing every phase of tragedy, comedy or farce.

"When an opportunity presented itself, I slipped through the crowd of people into the rear room where the agent was engaged discussing a ham sandwich and reading an old play-bill at the same time. At my entrance, he laid down his unfinished sandwich and playbill and inquired the nature of my visit. When I gave him the information he required, his first question was, how long had I been in the business. I informed him.

"'Do you think you could handle the juvenile business at a first-class theatre, that is, if you were called upon?'

"My dependent position at the time, not having above five dollars in my possession, compelled me to assure him, if called upon, I would go on as 'Romeo.'

"That settled the matter. I paid the three dollars booking fee, which left me but two dollars. In addition to the booking fee, I was obliged, by his contract, to permit the manager of the company to retain, for the dramatic agent's services, one-third of my first week's salary, to all of which I humbly submitted. I could not do otherwise. The thought of an engagement in a first-class theatre for at least six months gave me strong

encouragement; and I left that agent's office a very happy man.

"The company I was engaged to play with was then in Cohoes, New York State. The fare to Troy by boat was fifty cents and by stage to my destination twelve and one-half cents more, a total of sixty-two and one-half cents. I arrived at the town the next day and went in search of the fine theatre I was to play in. I saw play bills on the fences descriptive of the performance, but could not learn from them what street the theatre was in. The town being a small one, I thought I could easily discover it without the necessity of making an inquiry of the first person I met. In this, however, I was mistaken for, after walking through every probable locality, I could find nothing at all resembling the object of my search. I was compelled at last to seek some assistance to locate this first-class theatre, as spoken of by my dramatic agent in New York.

"Seeing a tumble-down structure and a seedy individual sitting in front of it, I made bold to ask him if he could inform me of the location of the theatre. 'Why, yes, sir,' he said. 'Probably you are one of the new members?' 'I am, said I.' 'Possibly you are the new juvenile man?' 'Quite right, sir.' 'Then follow me and I'll take you in to the manager.' I did follow him through a dark, ill-smelling passageway, supposing it to be the rear entrance to the next street. Such was not the case, however, as a door was opened and into a theatre I found myself. Not having eaten any breakfast, the foul and damp smells nearly made me faint. I was introduced by my seedy friend to the manager, who came from some side room to meet me. 'This, I believe, is Mr. Brim, our new juvenile man.' I answered him mechanically that I was the person. After questioning

me for some time he said that he would require me to play Thames Darrell in 'Jack Sheppard,' the next night. I took the part with me, and once outside the barn I coucluded I had been sold again and would only take up temporary lodgings, and wait the first opportunity when I might better myself. On the following night the play of 'Jack Sheppard' was presented to a house filled with what might be easily termed howling wolves from the noise they made. Our orchestra consisted of three performers, violin, piano and double bass viol; and when they commenced their music it was like a horse race, each musician working to keep the lead of the others and hold it. The violin would start off (as is customary) with the piano and bass following; in an instant the piano would jump two or three bars, and the bass, not to be out done, would skip a half dozen or more bars, and the leader seeing this would jump a like number of bars, and then it would be nip and tuck with all three, pounding, sawing and rasping away, with each one trying to gain the lead before the close of the piece.

"The audience oftentimes shared in the excitement by making bets as to which one would get the wire first, and shouting out 'Go it double bass,' or 'Hurry up leader or you'll get left,' while the piano player would be urged on by cries of 'Put on more steam." Occasionally stray apples or oranges would be sent from the gallery and come full tilt against the back of the heads of the musicians with the cry, 'Go it, or you'll lose the race.' Of course such conduct as this had a tendency to greatly impair the respect an audience might and should have for the actors, and it did. There was hardly one member of the company who did not at one time or another for the week I was there (no matter how serious the scene) suffer like indignities. Apples, oranges, eggs

were multiplied as the audiences increased, and if the musicians did not stop them with the backs of their heads the actors would be the sufferers. It actually went to such extremes that the musicians after commencing a tune would keep their heads swinging from side to side to avoid the back shots from the gallery. One night the musicians prepared for the crowd by purchasing one basket of decayed tomatoes, ditto of apples, ditto of eggs, and when the gallery gods commenced the musicians stopped playing and started in to pelt them back. The result was the theatre was quickly emptied, and that night the mob burned down the place."

At the conclusion of the first part of Mr. Brim's early theatrical experiences a knock was heard on the door. Flick being nearest to it opened it, and a lad handed him a written message from Manager Bluffington ordering the company to get ready to start early the next morning, and he would meet them at the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot in Jersey City with the lady members of the company. Story telling was at once dropped and everyone began the preparation necessary for the coming trip. The following morning found every member in the depot ready to enter the train. The first stop was at Newark, where they did only a fair business. Then a one night stand at Elizabeth. The hall was a large one, and it was packed as never before or since, but it was through a mistake, as the people gave the management to understand before quitting the hall. Words were often heard from the audience during the performance such as swindlers, thieves, obtaining money under false pretences, and other extremely impolite remarks that would not sound well to ears polite.

Business Manager Flick seemed to be the only one in

the company that could make head or tail to the cause of so much unsavory language from those present, and when we took the train for Trenton he gave his version.

"You see," said Flick, "Mrs. Langtry's Company was advertised to play at that hall on the night we opened there. This, I learned from the agent of the hall while seated in his office:

"No money had been paid him by Langtry's agent, but he expected him every minute to get ready for the opening. This was at 8 A. M.; at 9 P. M., a dispatch was handed to the hall man stating the train which the Langtry Company was on was side-tracked owing to a land-slide which might keep them there a day or a week.

"This was startling news to him. 'What am I to do?' said he. 'If it had not been for this Langtry Company, I would have closed with another party for the entire week; now I must lose two nights' rent through that infernal side-track business. Hang all side-tracks!' I saw my hall manager was working himself into a very disagreeable spirit and must try and soothe him. My friend, said I, what will be your loss for the two nights? '$150 at the lowest,' said he. 'Why do you ask, sir?' Supposing I was to say I would give you that sum for to-night's use of the hall, and twenty-five dollars additional for your own use; that sum would get you an elegant suit of clothes and the owner of the building would be the gainer as well. 'My friend, you are a trump and I'll accept your offer; but when will you pay?' Now! said I. Give me a receipt and your cash is ready.

In five minutes, the hall was mine for that night. At 4 P. M. our company was on the road to Elizabeth, and at 5:30 P. M. they were in the hall eating sandwiches and getting their dresses and properties for the night. At 6 P. M. my hall friend or agent curiously asked me

what I expected to do about getting an audience. I had not advertised in the papers or put up posters in advance as other shows did. I informed him that advertising in the newspapers, putting up show bills and getting out programmes belonged to the past, and that all first-class combinations like ours, The Never Get Left Dramatic Company, did not do that sort of thing. 'Well,' said he, I am afraid your combination will get left and in this very town.' The man looked at me as if he had serious doubts of my sanity and, moved as if by some generous motive, he said, 'I think you had better take back your money and I'll turn the lights out.' When I refused his princely offer, he was certain he was dealing with a madman but, I asked him to go and join me in a little refreshment and I would explain to him a secret I had in coming to this place and why I paid him the the amount. (I know you will laugh when you hear it.) We went to an adjoining café, I for a purpose, he to hear my story. I plied him devotedly with spirit till he succumbed to its influence, and by the assistance of the landlord, we laid him on a sofa to sleep off his potations while I went round to the theatre.

"To have him around the front of the house answering questions from those who might speak to him as to Mrs. Langtry's appearance after she arrived from the train, 'Was she looking fatigued?' 'Is she as handsome as people say she is?' 'Did you speak to her?' and other silly things would have been disastrous to our show. That was my reason for stowing him away and keeping him out of sight till the close of the performance, inasmuch as the good citizens saw on the fences and papers the announcements that Langtry's show would be the occupant of the hall that night and did not know anything to the contrary until half our performance was

over. As there were no programmes in the hall they of course supposed they were witnessing the Langtry performance. And I knew they were not. They did not seek me out to get any information, and I am sure it was not my place to go and volunteer it and be knocked on the head by an angry mob. 'Trenton,' shouted the conductor, and out they tumbled to play there two nights.

"The business at Trenton was anything but satisfactory, and after trying New Brunswick, Philadelphia and Harrisburg, the Capitol of Pennsylvania, and meeting with considerable success, Flick headed the organization for what he called Plunktown, Pa., an interior place some distance from the railroad station, which could be reached by stage or farm wagons if they happened to be on hand when the train arrived. On this occasion neither stage nor farm wagon could be had. Here was a dilemma. Night was fast approaching, and as there was neither farm house, hotel or tavern in sight or sound, and no possible chance for the company to lodge in the station, the great and trying question as to what should be done under the circumstances became the leading topic. When all hope had been given up, and a majority of the members had resigned themselves to their fate, a noise was heard similar to the rumble of some heavy vehicle with the words, 'Go long dar, dus youse wan to keep me out hea all night wid your foolishness? Go long da Bess, go long William, and doan let you sista do all de wuk.'"

"As I live," said Flick, "Our saviour is near at hand, and from his words he must have a pair of horses."

In a short time the driver and a pair of oxen came in sight drawing an empty hay wagon. Flick halted the son of ebony, when the following conversation ensued:

"You are the driver of this team, I believe?"

"Yes, sah, I is," said the darkey, eyeing Flick suspiciously, who was some distance from the other members.

"Do you want a job?"

"No, sir; I wucks for Mr. Green, down at de mill."

"I don't mean to ask you who you work for, I mean would you like to earn a few dollars?"

"How I gwine do dat?"

"Why, by carrying a few friends and myself to Plunktown, on your wagon."

"Well, sah, I'm gwine dat way, but I dun can't see how you an you frens can ride on dis yar waggin behin dem oxen."

Flick was of the same opinion, but he was sure the people would prefer the wagon and oxen to remaining where they were all night.

A bargain was soon arranged, the ladies made comfortable by sitting on large pillows of hay, with the same material at their backs, while the male members did the best they could; some were sitting on boards across the hay rick frame, while others sat on the outer edge of it with their feet dangling over the sides. The darkey, whose name was Joe, followed by the side of his team to urge them on by a young sapling and the strength of his voice. For a while the sensation to the company was pleasant; it was new, romantic and interesting, but soul-stirring when a wheel struck a boulder. An extensive wood could be seen at some distance, and to reach Plunktown they would have to pass through it. Anderson viewed the wood and seemed to enjoy the scene. He was seated on the extreme front of the wagon, and kept up a lively chat with Joe. The wood was finally reached, and Joe, for some reason, used his sapling and voice on his team with the skill of a veteran. Darkness now

covered the road, and Joe seemed more than anxious to get out of the woods. Hearing, as he supposed, some one whistling by his side, he turned around to find no one present. Down came the sapling on the off ox. A voice cried out, "Don't hit me again or I'll ram one of my horns into you." Joe jumped nearly two feet from the off ox. When asked by Flick (who dismounted from the hay rack) to tell the cause of his peculiar movement, he said:

"Why sah, dat off ox dun spoke to me."

"When?" said Flick.

"Jess now, sah."

"Spoke to you; why, what did he say?"

"Say, sah; why he dun jess said if I hit him agin he wood jess jam his horns rite fru me."

Flick knowing the superstition of the negro race pretended to believe him. "Ah, Joe," said he, "the ox knows you so well he was only joking with you. Go over on the side of the other one, and I am sure you will have no trouble, while I take your place on this side." Flick was willing to do anything to get that infernal traveling van out of the woods. Joe had hardly exchanged places, when a voice came from the animal he was driving, saying, "Joe, scratch my back."

"You hear dat, sah?" (To Flick on the opposite side.)

"Hear what?" said Flick.

"Why, dis fool ox waunts me to scratch his back."

Flick fearing the negro was generating insane symptoms, concluded to hustle and get that ox team out of the woods as quickly as possible. He went to work with an extra sapling over the backs of the team, and lighted fire crackers thrown under them, which made oxen and darkey think the day of jubilee was after them sure. In twenty minutes after the starting up with the fireworks

they drew up at the only tavern in the place, and made arrangements to stay there while in town. In the morning it was discovered there was nothing but a dilapidated two-story building, with a country store on the first floor and a hall on the second, reached by a side stairway, with a sign on the building, "The Plunktown Opera House." (For picture of same see cover page.)

There was neither stage nor scenery in the place and no seats. Bluffington was wild when he discovered the resources of the place, how he reached the town and what his losses would be. "Flick," said he, "how in heaven's name did you pilot us to this hole? What in reason and common sense made you do it?"

"Mr. Bluffington, if you will patiently hear me, I will explain."

"Well, sir, go on."

"While we were playing in Philadelphia I fell in with Gypsum, the agent of the Langtry Combination, who was playing at the Chestnut Street Theatre, while we were at the Arch."

"'Well, sir,' said he, 'when we met, Gypsum said: 'That was a nice trick you played us in Elizabeth, N. J., wasn't it? You go and take our hall, use our printing that was out all over the town, play to our audience, pocket our money, and when we arrive on the next night to be hooted out of the town.' 'Why,' said I, 'You were in a sand bank, and—' 'Oh, I forgot that,' said he. 'And come to think of it, really I cannot blame you; but it was a sharp trick; cute, very cute; but come, let us go into a café; there we can sit, smoke and chat over matters.' 'Well, sir, cutting my story short, he told me they played in Plunktown, two weeks ago, to $1,900 a night, for three nights in succession; the town was a splendid one, and the hall had a seating capacity of

2500, with an elegant stage and scenery.' 'It is no use,' said he, 'to pull out your route book to hunt for the place, as it is not on any railroad, it being four miles distant, and reached by the stages from the magnificent hotels kept there.' How would it do, said I, for our company to give the place a trial for one night? 'One night, my boy; why, you could play that town one week to a profit with your company, of say $3,000 at the lowest. Let me see,' said he; 'yes, Mrs. Potter takes her Cleopatra Company there next week, and if you go at all, get in ahead of her or keep away from the place for awhile.' After a few moments' further conversation we lighted fresh cigars, and I parted from him."

"And you were badly sold," said Bluffington.

"Yes, sold is the word," said Flick. "And, if I don't get even with him I will give up dramatic business."

"Well, now, all we have to do is pocket our losses, get back to the railway station, and take the towns on the East Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia Air Line."

CHAPTER XV.

OVER THE EAST VIRGINIA, TENNESSEE AND GEORGIA RAILWAY—THE OLD VIRGINNY DARKEY, HIS WIFE, HIS BOY AND THE BOY'S YALLER DOG ON THEIR EVENTFUL TRIP—A BIG BUMBLE BEE—A YOUNG CAT UNDER THE SEAT—A CLUCKING HEN LAYS AN EGG UNDER WHERE THE BOY AND YALLER DOG ARE SEATED—THE OLD MAN, OLD WOMAN, THE BOY AND THE YALLER DOG'S SEARCH UNDER ALL THE SEATS FOR THE CLUCKING HEN—ANDERSON, THE VENTRILOQUIST, KNEW WHERE SHE WAS.

FROM Harrisburg, Pa., the company took the train for Hagerstown, where they played one night to fair business only. From this point the company went West, over the Shenandoah Valley Railroad. Antietam was fourteen miles distant and known as the great battlefield of the late war. From the windows could be seen the well-known points and places of interest made famous thirty years ago. Sheperdstown, seventeen miles from Hagerstown, was the next stop made by the company, and business was not of the best. Front Royal was the next stop, and here the company played to a large business. Luray, ninety miles west from Hagerstown, is an excellent place. Here the celebrated Luray Caverns are situated, and the management was not only pleased with

the beauty of the place but the manner in which its citizens appreciate amusements. Shenandoah was the next stop. At this point the shops, mills and other works of the railroad company are situated. The audiences were good at each performance. From this point the company went to Roanoke, Va., where an excellent business was played to for one week. Chattanooga was the next point, and the trip was one the passengers will not quickly forget. Leaving Roanoke after breakfast, via the East Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, they did not arrive till 7:40 at night. At Salem among other passengers who came on board was a negro couple, their son about ten years of age, and a yellow dog (the boy was leading with a string). He was called Isaac by the parents and the dog answered to the name of Scaly. "All aboard," shouted the conductor, and off the train started. Anderson, the ventriloquist, occupied a seat near the colored family, and a smile crossed his face as they took their seats. After the train had been running for an hour or two the old man was slumbering soundly, unconscious of his surroundings. The wife was looking out the window at passing objects, the son in a front seat had followed the action of the father, while the yellow dog on the seat with the boy was having a desperate and continuous fight with the fleas, which would not be left behind.

About this time, a cat was heard to cry under the seat, which attracted the attention of the dog and caused him to discontinue his fight with the fleas and commenced to sniff the air and bark. This caused the cat to spit furiously and the dog to bark the louder and jump about on the seat at a great rate.

The string being fastened to the boy's hand, boy and dog tumbled together in a heap. This woke up the old

man, while the mother, trying to rescue her son, stumbled over the old man's feet and landed on the dog.

The old man finally succeeded in drawing his feet underneath the front seat in time to ask "If de kyar had run offun de track."

"My son," said the old lady, after untangling herself from the boy and the dog and getting them in their seat and returning to her own, "c'u'd you tole me w'at you and de dog was lyin' on de flo' foh?"

"W'y," said Isaac, I was asleep w'en a great big cat cum roun' hea and dun got cuttin' up capers wid Scaly and he jess jump foh dat cat and drag me wid him; dat's all."

"Well, I jess waun to tell you, if you can't go to sleep widout dreamin' great big lies like dat, you will has to kep' awake. Now, you heah me."

"Mobe youa shafts ober, ole man; you is jammin' all my corns wid dem."

"Now, I'll go to sleep, myself. What wid dis ole man, dat boy and dat Scaly, I has no peace." (Cat is heard under her seat; cries and spits. Dog jumps up and barks fiercely.)

ISAAC (who is partly asleep): "Oh! Isaac! You Ike!"

"Yes, 'um," Ike answered.

"Has you got our ole cat wid you?"

"No, mommy, I hasn't dun seen owah cat sence we lef' home," said Isaac.

"Den, foh de Lawd's sake, whose cat is it?"

"Lie down, you Scaly, or you'll frow my son off de seat ag'in en' if you do, dey'll be trubble."

"Wake up, ole man, and go and ketch dat cat."

"Wha' is de cat?" (Just at this moment the buzzing of a large bee was heard flying around the head of the old woman, the old man, the boy and the dog. When

the sound came near the dog, he would make fierce snaps at it. The old man, woman and boy would clutch at it. Their united efforts to corral the supposed bee set the passengers nearly in convulsions with laughter.)

Every passenger was attracted to the end of the coach the family occupied and they, not knowing the real cause supposed the colored people were visited by not only one bee but a hundred. Just as the family were about exhausted in their strenuous efforts to capture the bee, a hen commenced to cluck, cluck, cluck underneath the seat of Isaac.

"Oh! mammy, jes' hear dat!"

The old man and woman were still engaged in the attempt to fight off the bee when their attention was also attracted to the clucking of the hen underneath the seat.

The dog, Scaly, was also an observant listener and commenced to lower his head and sniff at the sound.

"Chile, you jess put youa han' undah youa seat and get mommy dat egg she laid. Ef hens will lay eggs una seats we hias, dey 'longs to us. Did youa got dat egg, son?"

"No, mommy, dey's no— (Looking under seat.)—no hen, and dey's no egg hea."

"Youa must be blin', son."

"Git out de way wid youa shafts, ole man, till I got out!"

"I'll fine 'em and den we'll have a egg and a hen too."

Just as she reached the boy's seat and put her hand underneath, no egg nor chicken could be found. A low, gentle cluck could be heard however, underneath a seat on the opposite side, and she made a dive for the chicken. It was now growing dark and the imaginary chick could not be seen but the cluck, cluck could be heard.

The passengers, learning the cause of the bewilderment

of the colored people, entered into the spirit of it and, when the old lady would make a request to search under any of the seats for the chicken, they would gladly grant the request. As she moved from seat to seat, the cluck, cluck, cluck would precede her till she had gone over one side of the car. Back she went to the old man.

"Look yar," said she to the old man, "dat ar chicken dun lay dat egg unda our seat and it 'longs to us, and she has jes' picked it up in her mouf and is trottin' aroun' under de seats, and I'm gwine to cotch her and I wan' you an' de boy an' de dog to come an' help me."

The whole family started off in the direction of the cluck, cluck to catch that hen and, when the train drew up in the depot, they were engaged in their search and, if the employees had not ordered them out of the train, they would have remained indefinitely.

The success of the company at Chattanooga, Tennessee, was all that could be desired. It is an enterprising city, and a great railroad centre, and in time will hold a prominent, leading position, equaling some of the principal Southern cities.

The next stop was made at Atlanta, Georgia, situated some 140 miles south of Chattanooga, and on the line of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad. The business of the company here was somewhat of an improvement over Chattanooga. From Atlanta the company sped on to Macon, ninety miles further south. After making a stay of three nights in this quiet inland city, arrangements were made to stop over at Jessup, 140 miles south from Macon, for one night; thence over the Savannah, Florida, and W. R. R., to Savannah, a very prominent city on the banks of the Savannah River. The city is one of ancient date, founded in 1733 by James

Ogelthorpe, and distant some eighteen miles from the ocean.

The company having to lie over here some fourteen hours, they visited many of the principal points. The hotel DeSoto, Forsyth Park, the Historical Society, the Telfair Academy of Fine Arts, the Historic Monuments, the drives over shell-covered streets, the old but beautiful cemetery of Bonaventure and Hope, and Thunderbolt Islands, certainly paid for the time spent in the tour over the city. After dinner the company were driven to the boat, which, by the way, was the well-know, beautiful steamer *Kansas City*, of the Ocean Steamship Company of Savannah, claimed to be one of the finest and fastest in the fleet. Down the river she sped, and nearly everyone was engaged in viewing the scenery along the banks, and the plunging in and out of the water of the alligators, as the steamer made her way to the ocean.

In two hours after starting, the supper gong was sounded, and the seats at the different tables were quickly filled, the sea breezes giving the passengers keen appetites for a meal that could not be surpassed at any of our leading hotels, and to which every one seemed to do full justice, Props and Blobson, in particular. It would seem as if Blobson had not eaten anything before in a week except pump water, and as if Props had been subsisting on stage properties for the same period.

About 10 P. M. that night Blobson and Props were discovered in apparent close communion, looking out over the side of the ship; alternately and very suddenly dropping their heads and clasping their hands to about midway of their waistcoats. Flick was a close observer of these antics, and marveled much at the conduct.

"Why, what in thunder are you fellows at now?" said he.

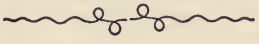
"Oh, do go away and let us die," said Blobson, still looking into the sea.

"Yes, let us die in peace," said Props, without removing his attention from the sea. "I've thrown up everything since I got on board, and if I'd thrown up my engagement before I came here, I would not be as I am now—dying by inches.

No inducements held out by Flick to have them go to their state-rooms had any effect.

"No," said Blobson, (with one hand on the rail and the other over the waist-band of his vest) "I know I am going to die— (Throws his head suddenly over the side of the ship and looks into the sea again. After taking a view of the water, he continued.) and I'll stay here and face my death— (His head goes again over the side, seaward, and after looking down a sufficient time into its depths, he turned in-board.) like a man but—(And here another contraction of the stomach occurred and his head swung to seaward.) sir, I shall not leave this spot—"

What further he would have said was stopped by a too sudden lurch of the vessel which distributed him and Props at full length on the deck. Added to this was a volume of water, thrown up as the ship settled back, covering Blobson and Props from head to heels. After this playful freak of the sea, Blobson's courage gave way and he was led to his room, followed by Props, and there they remained till the ship landed at her pier in New York.



CHAPTER XVI.

TRIP TO BUFFALO OVER THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILWAY—A TRAMP IN THE BOX CAUSES RAILWAY AND HOTEL OFFICIALS TO INVESTIGATE—LAUGHABLE AND EXCITING SCENES IN SEARCHING FOR HIM—EVERY TRUNK AND CARPET-BAG EXAMINED—THE ESCAPE AT BUFFALO AND THE CITY THROWN INTO SPASMS AT HIS APPROACH—ANDERSON THE PRIME CAUSE OF ALL, BUT NOT SUSPECTED—THE TRAMP TURNS OUT TO BE A FORMER RESIDENT OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER, TAKING A TRIP TO BUFFALO.

THE following morning, the company was in full force at the Grand Central Depot, Forty-second Street, to take the New York Central and Hudson River Railway train for Buffalo. All but Anderson took seats in the passenger coaches. He, knowing the baggage man of the train, slipped in with him and seated himself on a long box which had a large number of trunks piled on top of it. It looked, for all the world, like the outer covering of a coffin and Anderson presumed it was, and a smile passed over his features thereat.

The train was a through express making only one stop between New York and Albany; one of George H. Daniels' cannon-ball trains. While passing through a dark

Mr. W. DAVIDGE as LAUNCE
in 2 Gentlemen of Verona.

tunnel, a dreadful groan, as if some one in great agony, came from the trunks piled up on the long box on which several railway officials were seated, which made them scatter pretty lively.

"Bill, there is a tramp behind that pile of baggage, and I think he is pretty well crushed," said Samuel Carpenter to the baggage man.

"Tramp! crushed! Why, sir, no man could be behind that pile of baggage, because I piled it up myself."

"Well, if there isn't a man behind those trunks I will go without eating for a month."

"I heard him groan," said Col. John M. Otter.

"Yes, and a terrible groan it was. I don't think I ever heard such a distressing sound," said Charles Lambert.

"It seemed to me," said Edwin Booth, "to be a groan from some sorrowful soul parting from this world."

George H. Daniels, being on the train at the time, was brought into the baggage car to ask the baggage man to make an investigation. By this time the train started into another tunnel, when several groans much louder and more prolonged than the first were given.

"Baggage man, this is extraordinary, and for the sake of humanity it must be investigated. Take down that pile of baggage," said Mr. Daniels. Just as the first trunk was about to be removed a suppressed groan was heard. The trunk was dropped as if it was a bar of hot iron.

"Here," said Mr. Carpenter, (pulling off his coat), "I'll give you a lift. If we don't hurry up (another groan from the trunks) the man will be crushed to a jelly."

"I'm with you," said Col. Otter.

"Count me in," said Edwin Booth. "It can never be

said I stood tamely by when a human being's life was in the balance and not give a helping hand."

"We are all with you," exclaimed O. H. Briggs, George L. Connor, George W. Brady, J. W. Burdick, James J. Breslin, Passenger Agents Farrington, Gross, A. C. Kendall, Joseph Cornell, George W. Lewis, A. M. Palmer, Edward Gilmore, Col. H. C. Clements, Orlando Taylor and several others.

In a moment they followed the example set by others by throwing off their coats and going to work at the baggage over the long box. As each trunk was removed a groan would be heard which materially hastened the work. After the first pile was removed the groans were heard in the adjoining pile of trunks on the same side of the car.

"Why," said Mr. Carpenter (after wiping off the perspiration), "I was sure I heard the groans from the pile of luggage we just removed."

"I don't wish to question the veracity of any gentlemen present," said Mr. Daniels, "but the groans came directly from the pile of luggage we are now looking at."

"Gentlemen, what say you? Come, speak out," said Mr. Gross. (Painful and impressive groans were heard by the time the train reached half-way into another short tunnel.)

By the time the train arrived at the end of it, all were of the opinion that hasty action was necessary, and to work they went with a will. That section of baggage was soon piled upon the floor with the first, and no living or dead person could be found, but on the opposite or right hand side of the car the groans were heard very distinctly.

"Gentlemen, I was pretty sure from the start we

were working on the wrong side of the car, but preferred your judgment to my own and acquiesced," said Col. Clements.

"Well," said Mr. Kendall, "suppose then we act upon Col. Clements suggestion and clear up this side."

Without a murmur willing hands pitched bags, trunks, hat boxes, bird cages, baby carriages, bridal trunks, bachelors' trunks, dudes' collar and cane boxes, old maids' trunks and cat cages, and every conceivable traveling curio to the floor, till it would seem as if that baggage car had been loaded by a mud scow scoop instead of by the experienced hands of a baggage master. Nothing, however, was found in the slightest form representing a human body or even a photograph of one. The next minute the train pulled into Albany, and so mixed up was baggage and parcels in the baggage car, that it required the help of nearly all the baggage men in the depot to pick out two pieces for that town. After nearly an hour's delay hunting up those two pieces the train was supplied with another engine, and away it sped at lightning speed, making up for lost time. Anderson, the ventriloquist, and Bill, the baggage master, were talking seriously of the groaning they heard before reaching Albany, and during their conversation nearly all of the railway, hotel and steamboat men came in the baggage car again, and seating themselves on the long wooden box and spare trunks near it, the subject of the crushed tramp came up. Everyone had a theory about the matter, in fact so absorbed were they that a terrific groan coming from the long box on which some were seated nearly paralyzed with astonishment all present except Anderson.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Breslin, gaining his usual composure, "this is dreadful, and I think it the duty of

each and everyone of us to give this matter a thorough investigation. I generally act on first impressions and guide myself accordingly. Now there may be some spiritual influence at work here; if so I can go no further."

As no one present admitted or denied the knowledge of possessing spirit power Mr. Breslin resumed:

"Well then, gentlemen, my theory is, the groans we heard as emanating from behind the trunks came from one other place; and if an investigation is made of the long box it is there we will find the cause."

His remarks struck everyone present as being too weighty to controvert.

'Yes," said Mr. Skinner of the C. P., "but how did the poor devil get in that box; he certainly did not venture in there alone."

"Oh, I am not so sure of that. Tramps are very cute. This fellow in the box took this peculiar way to reach Buffalo, and now he is paying the penalty by being nearly suffocated," said Mr. A. C. Kendall.

While Mr. Kendall was speaking the baggage man went in search of tools to open the box. When he returned all hands went to work. If they had but pulled the box into the middle of the car floor they would have discovered air holes in it, the article it contained and the party it was addressed to, who was a well-known merchant in Buffalo. In their anxiety to liberate the sufferer they lost sight of these facts. As it was getting quite dark a lamp was lighted, and its illuminating power was of but little benefit to the workers. Occasionally a dreadful groan would come from the box and startle all engaged. This would be followed by a rattling within it.

"Keep quiet, old fellow. Just have a little patience. We will soon get you out; but take our advice and don't

try to steal another ride in this way," said Mr. Farnsworth, of the Rock Island Road.

The box was made as if to stand a siege, and the first blow given to a chisel split the handle so that the tool became useless. The next tool to go was a screw driver, which was used as a lever. Some one suggested a crowbar from the engine, and away went the baggage man.

"Let me out, or I'll die," came from the box.

"Have a little patience, old fellow, and we will get you out. All our tools are broken, and when we get a crowbar we will pry the lid off," said Mr. Lambert of the West Shore.

"I know you'll hit me with it and then I'll be a dead man, sure," said the voice in the box.

"Don't be alarmed. We will be extremely careful," said Col. Gilmore, of Niblo's Garden.

The bar was brought in by the baggage man and Brown commenced on the box. The train was but a mile or two from Buffalo, and the baggage men opened both side doors preparatory to entering the depot. Brown and his assistants were working with might and main to liberate the unfortunate tramp in the box when, as the train rolled into the depot, the cover was wrenched off and the occupant made a plunge and shot out the car door onto the platform, landing on its feet, and away it sped, frightening and horrifying everybody, out into the street. It ran at a wonderfully rapid pace, causing pedestrians to flee from it in every direction. Horses ran away; vehicles of every description were tossed together and the people became terror-stricken. A crowd soon gathered around, armed with guns, pistols, clubs and stones, and took up the chase after this new visitor.

When near the post office, and, as if to escape its

pursuers, it made a rush for an open saloon door which at the time was filled with people, some standing at the bar, while others were seated at the tables. The noise it made on entering caused every one in the place to turn and look, and in an instant its occupants were mounted on the tops of tables and bar counter.

In rushed the crowd, and what with the firing of guns, pistols, clubs and stones, the monster alligator was killed and the saloon was—well if a tornado had struck its interior it would not have presented a much worse appearance.

The Never Get Left Dramatic Company, having occupied a coach near the end of the train, knew nothing of the occurrence, and after their arrival in Buffalo, went quietly to the hotel. Anderson, however, could tell all about it if questioned.

CHAPTER XVII.

BLOBSON AND THE MULE IN A FRIENDLY COMBAT, NOT DOWN IN THE BILLS—A CABBAGE THE CAUSE—AN UNEXPECTED AND LAUGHABLE ENDING FOR THE AUDIENCE, BUT A CRUSHING EXIT FOR BLOBSON WHO STUMBLES THROUGH THE STAGE BY A VAMPIRE TRAP WHILE THE MULE GOES AFTER HIM THROUGH THE HAMLET TRAP—BRIM GIVES ANOTHER OF HIS EARLY DRAMATIC TOURS—THE COMPANY REACH MONTREAL.

NOTHING of any importance occurred while the company remained in Buffalo. The business was what might be classed as "uniformly good." The only incident worthy of mention was the one occurring to Blobson in the play of "Dred; or, the Dismal Swamp," dramatized in 1859 and first played at the Bowery Theatre under the management of Allen and Boniface.

In this piece, a mule is used to drag a wagon in which an aged negro and a few white children are seated, ready for camp meeting. After reaching the camp, the mule is unhitched and left to go at his own sweet will. Meandering around the back of the wings, his eye was attracted to the stage where Blobson stood holding in his hand a cabbage which Brim, the comedian, gave him. Why he

held it or why Brim handed it to him, no person could tell.

It was this vegetable which attracted the attention of the mule, and he would occasionally give forth a "haw-he-haw-he-haw." These sounds, although dreadfully discordant, commencing at A and running up the scale to high C, amused both the actors and audience. The people behind the wings could not prevent his running up and down the musical scale nor from going on the stage which he did under the protests of the manager, stage manager and prompter, till he reached Blobson who was on the opposite side of the stage from whence the mule came. Blobson flourished the cabbage at him to frighten him back. The mule, at this, reared up on his heels and pawed the air in close proximity to Blobson's head, keeping up his he-hawing and prancing about on his heels.

To say that Blobson was astonished would be only drawing it mild; he was horrified, in fact, nearly paralyzed with fear; cold streams of perspiration were running down his spinal column, and making his shoes reservoirs for same. As he moved about to save himself from the pawing of the mule's fore feet, the mule accompanied him around the stage. The audience presuming this was a trick mule, and Blobson was his trainer, they gave full vent to their laughter. The actors saw the dangerous position Blobson was in, and became frightened. Some called out to him to run for his life. "Fire the cabbage at him," said Brim. "Throw pepper in his eyes," said Props. "Jump on his back," said Flick. "Take a fall out of him," said a bootblack, in the gallery. But Blobson heeded not the kindly advice so generously given; he couldn't; his thoughts were elsewhere; his brow was corrugated, his face ashy pale,

his lips blue, his eyes sunken, and he hopped around the stage to avoid the mule quicker than a live chicken in boiling water. Blobson saw no hope of escape unless he made a bolt for the wings; this he did in a jiffy, but the mule rushed after him; then it became a journey of life. As Blobson ran off the stage and around the wings and across stage again, so did the mule. The audience seeing this, supposed it was a race between them, and showed their pleasure accordingly.

Smiggs, the carpenter, got his assistants together; he told them poor Blobson would be killed unless they came to his assistance. "Get the Vampire trap and the Hamlet trap ready," said Smiggs. Across the stage came Blobson again, and the mule after him. "Throw away your cabbage," said Brim, as Blobson flew past him with the mule in full tilt close upon his heels. "Go through the Vampire trap," said Props, as Blobson made another turn across the stage with the mule. "Take the Vampire trap and you're safe again," said Props, as Blobson passed him on his fifth heat, with the mule only a head behind him. On his next trip across, Blobson sunk exhausted, and as luck would have it, he slumped down on the Vampire trap and disappeared instantly out of sight. Almost simultaneously the mule appeared on the stage and went head-long through the Hamlet trap that Smiggs had previously opened; the curtain fell at once and the audience was dismissed.

Saturday night was the last in Buffalo and on Sunday, bright and early, after a hearty breakfast, the company took the Grand Trunk Line for Montreal, Canada.

Brim, being urged on by several of the members to continue his early experiences in the dramatic profession, while the train sped onward, he complied.

"Well," said he, "you remember where I left off my

story about my playing in a tumble-down rookery at Cohoes?"

"Oh! yes," they answered.

"Very well, it only saves me the trouble of beginning the whole story over again. After the Cohoes snap, I was induced by one of the defunct companies to go to Schenectady, fourteen miles further north, and, from a letter I had in my possession, from the manager of a company that would open there the following week, I thought I might secure an opening. Not having sufficient means to ride there, and the day being pleasant, a friend and I took our slight effects in two valises and, to secure as straight a route as possible, we took the canal tow-path. With the boats heavily laden and the merry voices on them passing and repassing each other, the horses trotting, their drivers hallooing and shouting to each other and the many pedestrians on the way, the time passed very quickly. Towards dusk, we entered the old Dutch town of Durrup or, as it is known in railway guides, Schenectady. My companion who, by the way, was christened Charles Salisbury, and first saw the light of day or night in Albany, insisted upon going direct to one of the taverns in the place and we might possibly hear of the new manager. On entering the house, Mr. Salisbury became the spokesman, and going up to the landlord with all the dignity of a Wall Street banker, (and he could do it) 'Have you,' said he, 'a gentleman in your hotel, by the name of Alonzo Smithers?' 'Such a gentleman, sir, is stopping here and has just seated himself in the dining room, and if your business is pressing I will take you in,' said the landlord. In we marched, the landlord leading the way. 'Mr. Smithers,' said he, 'here are two gentlemen who wish to see you.' Smithers turned about in his chair and, seeing Salisbury, recognized him at

once. I was then introduced and we were both invited to supper which we were much in need of and to which we did ample justice. After supper, we strolled out into what might be called a parlor, a sitting room and a smoking room, all thrown into one. Our conversation turned to things theatrical and the interview closed with Salisbury and myself becoming members of Manager Smithers' 'Always on the Fly Dramatic Company.' 'You see,' said our manager, 'this town is not a theatrical one, consequently it will be necessary for our company to create a good impression.' The hall we were to play in was, as were many others of that period, bare of everything except benches. As for stage or scenery, there was no provision made.

"In a few days Smithers, with the aid of the male members of the company, erected a stage from the lumber we carried from an adjoining lumber yard and, with the drops and wings carried by Smithers, a very cosy appearing stage presented itself. I concluded, before the opening night, to ask Mr. Smithers what compensation I would be allowed, per week, for my services. 'Well, my boy,' said he, 'as you are recommended so highly by Mr. Salisbury, I will give you five dollars per week and traveling expenses; so you can thank your friend, Mr. Salisbury, for so munificent a salary.' And away went Smithers.

"When I was alone, I felt more like *pounding* Salisbury than thanking him, but what was I to do? If I rejected his offer, I knew not where to go, and if I went away, I had no money to buy food or shelter, consequently I must remain till some better opportunity presented, go and study the part given me and prepare for the opening night.

"On the Monday following, the doors were open, and

as soon as the people were in, a roaring, stamping and shouting commenced. 'Raise the rag! Music! music,' was shouted from all parts of the house. After a little delay, the performance commenced with the drama of 'The Golden Farmer.' Although played as I never saw it before or since, it took well with the audience, however. Salisbury played the 'Golden Farmer,' and were it not for his unfamiliarity with the text, (a great weakness of his in every part he played) it would have gone much easier. In one scene, where he is advised by his wife not to go out that night he resorted to a lot of mechanical gags that had no connection with the author nor the scene. The lady could not of course follow him, and a dead stick was the result. Salisbury looked at the lady and she looked in astonishment at him, going down to the footlights where the orchestra occupied two chairs, one a pianist, the other a violinist. Both were eagerly watching the action of the play. 'Well, gentlemen, are we to stay on the stage all night, waiting for you to go on with the music?' This was news to the musicians who were ordered not to play after the curtain went up. Not being certain as to their orders from the manager, they commenced to pound and rasp for all they were worth. Salisbury took advantage of this and walked off the stage to the prompt desk, returning with the prompt book of the play. 'There,' said he to the lady, "is the music cue I was waiting for and here is the speech' reading it off, 'I was to speak.' So astonished was the lady, she could not utter a word. 'Now, then, my darling, come with me and we will talk this all over in an adjoining room.' Taking the lady by one hand and the prompt book in the other, he beckoned to the musicians to stop, deliberately walked off the stage and informed the prompter of his want of attention to his business, who in his astonishment, immediately,

and without giving the matter any thought, whistled the scene off when he should have let it stand until the fall of the act drop. After the farce of the 'Rabbit Hunt,' the curtain fell and the audience filed out into the street.

"Our season was not what might be called an artistic, nor a financial success and, as if to further dampen our efforts, the well-known circus of Welsh & Mann came to town, and while it remained we played to empty benches; and the circus, well, they did but little better. Our manager concluded, on the coming Saturday night, to move to Troy where we arrived on Monday. At the Troy, N. Y., Museum, Billy Florence and his charming wife were starring; this was about 1858. The bill for the night was the well-known Irish drama of 'Ireland As It Is,' 'Judy O'Trot,' or, as others have called it, 'Ragged Pat,' and 'The Young Actress.' Florence was the 'Ragged Pat;' Mrs. Florence, the 'Judy O'Trot;' and one of the finest actors I ever saw as Dan O'Carolan was Peter Cunningham. The house was crowded, of course. At another place, The Apollo Hall, 'Kunkell's Minstrel's' were holding forth, while at Rand's Hall, the 'Matt Peel, Rumsey & Newcomb Minstrels' were playing to crowded houses."

"How was the performance?" said Flick.

"Immense; Mat. Peel was on the bone end, Bill Newcomb held the tambourine, with Hy. Rumsey as interlocutor, Farrenburg as the tenor, Sher. Campbell baritone, and Raynor as the basso. Who, that ever heard Farrenburg warble 'Blue Violets,' or Raynor sing the 'Mocking Bird,' could forget them? Ah! boys, those were the days for the real genuine minstrels. Well, our manager seeing how things were running in that town, took the night boat down the river, and left us to look over the geography of the place. The first thought occurring to

me, as it has and will to the end of time, with actors when thrown upon their own resources, is to get up some sort of an entertainment where two or more may be interested in giving a performance of some kind, which is almost impossible to describe. In fact, the actor could not, if asked what the entertainment is to be, give an intelligent answer to the question, but consoles himself with the belief that somehow or other everything will be all right when the time comes. In this instance some headway was made. The company selected for the venture was your humble servant, Charles Salisbury, Joe Sefton and Henry Farren. The first town was Hudson, N. Y., and thither we went. Here the only available building to be obtained was the yellow school house, which was then vacant owing to its being vacation season. As this offered us nothing but the smoky bare walls, we were obliged to fit up our opera house as best we could. Salisbury being a great projector, he was called upon to go out and take a survey of the town and see if he could not interest some person to provide us with material to fit up a stage, curtains, etc., etc., while the rest of us would get our heads together and prepare a bill for the occasion. Salisbury succeeded beyond his or our brightest anticipations. In an hour he returned, and reported everything for the erection of a stage, curtains and a few other things, would soon be at the door. He worked his little scheme by getting into the good graces of a dealer of a second-hand furniture store, by giving him a pass for himself and family; this matter being settled, the next thing to do was to get out our bill for the opening night, and here is the bill :

HUDSON CITY.

GRAND AND IMPOSING

ENTERTAINMENT.

BY A WELL KNOWN COMPANY OF

COMEDIANS

FROM THE

LEADING NEW YORK AND LONDON THEATRES.

THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS ARE,

SEFTON, SALISBURY, BRIM, FARREN,

And many other celebrities.

Performance to commence at 7, sharp.

Carriages can be ordered at 10.

ADMISSION TO THE WHOLE ENTERTAINMENT, 25 CENTS.

"The printer was not called in to print our poster, as Salisbury was clever with the brush. Some white sheets of paper, costing twenty cents, and the loan of a pot of black paint, ditto red, ditto blue, from a painter, on promise of tickets for himself and family, were soon obtained, and in a short time the bills were painted, and shortly afterwards placed on the school-house and in other conspicuous places. As to the class of entertainment we were to present to our would-be patrons, never entered our heads until a few hours before the opening. However, it was shortly settled. Salisbury was to recite the good old days of 'Adam and Eve,' Brim would dance a sailor's hornpipe and walk on stilts, Farren was to recite 'Hamlet's Soliloquy', and Sefton would

sing 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter' and the 'Bonnie, Sweet Lassie,' accompanied by the orchestra, which consisted of only one violinist.

"I think I had better cut my story, boys."

"No, no," came from the listeners."

"Well, all right; I will come down to the opening of the doors. Salisbury was to take tickets. I was to sell them. Sefton and Farren were to act as ushers, which compelled these two worthies to invest twenty cents for two pairs of white cotton gloves. Well, the cue was given to throw open wide the portals so that no obstruction might appear in the way of preventing the amusement-goers of Hudson from gaining immediate entrance to our grand entertainment. We waited fifteen minutes for the expected rush, then thirty minutes, then fifteen more. The violinist was finally called on to strike up and see if by this means some attention might be called to our entertainment. Salisbury discovered a bass drum under the stairway, and brought this forth. Sefton also made a discovery of a snare drum behind the teacher's desk, and with these two emblems of war and chowder clubs, Salisbury and Sefton went at their work with a hearty good will. The result was that as the clock was on the stroke of 9 P. M. some fifteen paid people, including the second-hand furniture man and family, and the owner of the paint pots and his family, were in the school-house.

"The carriage audience evidently neglected to visit us, which had a depressing effect upon Sefton and Farren, who felt keenly the slight, and more particularly their investment of twenty cents in white gloves. For a while we hesitated as to whether we would give the entertainment or turn the hose on the audience. It was settled, however, in favor of giving a performance, and I

must say we entered into the spirit of the thing, and succeeded in pleasing our audience and ourselves. Everything must come to an end, and so did the performance. After counting up the house and expenditures, we found we had sufficient to go on to one or two more towns. Our spirits soon changed from gloom to sunshine.

It is a noticeable fact among professionals, when their pockets are light their spirits are equally so. Disheartening failures may at the moment dampen and chill their prospects, but it is only for a moment, for in the next they are as happy, jovial and mischievous as though they never associated with the ills and miseries of life. What would bankers, merchants, "Mi Lord," "Mi Lady," give to have the unselfish and happy disposition of stage players?

As our funds were too low to engage other people and go into larger places, the only course left us was to forego the pleasure of, as we first intended, visiting a few more small towns, go direct to New York and try for engagements at some of the regular theatres. The next train over the Hudson River Railroad we took advantage of, and in a few hours landed in New York, each one wending his way to a separate boarding house,"

Before the company left Buffalo, Flick had secured seats to Toronto via the Grand Trunk Railway, and a pleasant journey it was. After leaving Buffalo, the train passed over Niagara Falls, the grandest sight on the American Continent, crossed the Suspension Bridge, thence to Hamilton, and laid over two nights at Toronto, where the company played to excellent business. Mr. Frank P. Dwyer, Eastern Passenger Agent of the line, met the company here, and proved a valuable assistant in securing seats and making the company feel perfectly

at home while on the road. From this point to Kingston the scenery was delightful. The Thousand Islands commence here, and the scenery along the St. Lawrence River till the company reached Montreal was one of magnificence, beauty and grandeur. Brim was just closing about his arrival in New York, when the train slacked up, and they were soon approaching their destination, more than pleased over the journey and the attention given them by the officials of the Grand Trunk Line.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRIP OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC, AFTER PLAYING IN MONTREAL—BRIM'S STORY OF EARLY THEATRICAL EXPERIENCES THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW ENGLAND TOWNS—THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A BARNSTORMING ACTOR—ADVANCE AGENTS, HOW THEY TRICK EACH OTHER—PLAYING IN CANADIAN TOWNS—WINNIPEG REACHED—ON TO DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

AT the conclusion of Brim's story the car door was thrown open, and the words, "All out for Montreal!" were heard, and in twenty minutes after wards the company was marching with satchels, boxes and bags, into the well-known hostellerie, the St. Lawrence Hall, kept by Henry Hogan. Being pretty well fatigued they retired early, and on the following morning all hands went out to look at the theatre, and afterwards the town; theatrical people generally make it a rule to first see where they are to play, and then if they have the time give the town or place a look over. This was the case with this company.

The City of Montreal, with its population of 275,000, is an elegant place; 385 miles from New York, and 346 from Boston, and is reached from New York by the New York Central Railroad and Citizens' line of steamers to Troy, and thence onward by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, into the very heart of the city.

On Monday night, the company opened to a large house and it was duplicated every night they remained. Saturday night, short playing pieces were substituted for the purpose of making connections with the Canadian Pacific Railway going west from Montreal to Ottawa, 120 miles distant.

From St. Rose, seventeen miles west from Montreal, the railway follows the northern bank of the Ottawa, showing a lovely valley with well-tilled farms devoted to dairy and market produce. After crossing the Gatineau River, the government buildings come in view and, situated as they are, on a high cliff, they are easily seen.

Ottawa is the capitol of the Dominion, and it contains many fine and costly residences. Vast quantities of lumber are made here, and there are many mills and workshops which give strong evidence of the employment of many workmen, a fact professionals admire as it is the honest toiler that can always be depended upon to fill the house in stormy or sunshiny weather. The city stands on moderately high ground and overlooks a charming, wide valley, dotted here and there with fine farms and buildings, while the city itself possesses many large and elegant hotels and the government buildings.

The residence of the Governor-General, Rideau Hall, is two miles distant from the city but, asBlobson did not receive an invitation to call upon his generalship, he concluded he would not honor him by a visit. The company played here three nights to a fair average business, and the next town to open in was Toronto, with a population of 140,coo and distant 349 miles west from Montreal. Here the company arrived at 8 A. M. and went immediately to their hotel. This is the capitol and the second city in size in the Dominion and has large manufacturing industries. The private residences are

large and somewhat imposing in appearance and speak well for the wealth of its inhabitants. Three nights in the town satisfied the manager that a little earlier in the season would have proved more profitable to his pocket and caused him less agony of mind.

Before Bluffington's Company arrived in town, the principal hall had been engaged by another dramatic company who were playing to good business while in another part of the town, a large circus and menagerie held high carnival, the tents being packed at every performance. Caleb Woglom headed the dramatic company and his managerial skill was exceedingly well displayed, not only here but in several other towns, by getting in ahead of "The Never-Get-Left-Dramatic-Company." and several others of even greater pretensions. He had a faculty of jumping all of the smaller towns to reach the larger ones, securing the best halls and prominent stands for his printing, and then patiently await the arrival of his Company. In the show business as in every other, competition is the same and laggards are driven to the wall. Flick saw that Woglom had outgeneraled him, and instead of pining over it set his plans to out-do him.

Flick got the information from one of Woglom's bill posters that they were going over the Canadian Pacific Railway to Winnipeg, 1,424 miles west of Montreal. This was all the information Flick required. Woglom's Company would remain three nights longer in Toronto, and the night he closed there would be the opening night for Flick's organization in Winnipeg. The manner in which Flick hustled the Company to get their traps together and reach the depot was as if he did not have a minute to spare before getting away. It seemed as if life and death were pending in the balance

with him. The actors were angry and felt extremely annoyed at his style of hustling them as if they were so many criminals. Blobson had the night previous borrowed a Richard the III suit to stand for a photographer on that eventful morning, and he felt heart-broken at his loss.

Others had their complaints, while still others had their washing at the laundries. Some of the articles were, however, just out of the wash tubs, some were rough starched, while some more had not even made the acquaintance of soap and water. Into their trunks the articles went, wet and dry, and were soon bundled to the depot and on the train. After a ride of nine hours North Bay on the Canadian Pacific came in view with Lake Nipissing in the foreground, an elegant sheet of water 40 miles long by 10 miles in width, when Flick told the members of the Company that in this section of the country they were traveling over, each and every one could obtain eighty acres of land free. They wanted the train stopped immediately to get out and claim the title deeds, but when informed by the conductor that only an actual settler was entitled to the land, they did not press that official to stop the train.

Towns of from 300 to 6,000 were passed on the trip. Port Arthur, 993 miles from Montreal, is a beautiful place, and is situated on the west side of the bay known as Thunder Bay. The population is 5,500. The next important point was Fort William, 998 miles from Montreal, with a population of 1,600. The next day at 12, noon, the train pulled into Winnipeg, the capital of the Province of Manitoba, and situated at the junction of the Red and Assinniboine rivers. The city is handsomely laid out with buildings of brick, stone and wood, and has a population of 29,000.

Here the company played to a fine business for one week. In fact, as Flick stated, he was sure there wasn't a dollar left in the town for any other show ; and Woglom, after trying it three nights following Flick's raid, needed no convincing proofs that Flick was not correct in his statement.

Everything was settled to take an early morning start from Winnipeg next day and go back over the Canadian Pacific Railway, crossing Lake Superior, and so on to Detroit. Flick having heard that two other dramatic and two opera companies were heading for the same point, concluded to be first on the ground. It was a beautiful morning when the train pulled out of the depot, and as it soon became tiresome looking at mountains, valleys, streams, etc., Brim was appealed to to continue his early theatrical experience.

"Well, boys," said Brim, "when I closed on my last story I had then arrived in New York with very little money, but a fair credit with my landlady, who, when she saw me, welcomed me in royal style by preparing a nice supper for me. I was so cheered after the meal that I forgot my past misery and resolved to give up show business forever."

"Did you really give up theatrical life?" said the innocent Blobson.

"Hardly," said Brim, "or I would not be occupying my present position as first low comedian in this company."

"Yes, yes ; a mistake of mine, I see," said Blobson. At this the company roared.

"Actors, as a class, after an unfortunate trip, feel the stage has no further charms,and mentally resolve to take up the first thing that presents itself—anything that is honorable—but for some reason or other they are unable

to find anything suitable, and—well, the stage again claims them. Such was my case. I tried for days, and was about giving way to despair when my eye lighted upon an advertisement in a daily paper: 'A full dramatic company wanted. Apply to 452 Broadway.' Thither I went and engaged to go through the mining regions of Pennsylvania. This was a section of country I had not been in before, and was quite desirous of making the trip. The manager, a Mr. Mason, I found was a stage-struck amateur possessing a small amount of brain backed up by a little money and a superabundance of dramatic conceit. To hear this Mason boast of his acting, one would suppose there was none other capable of filling the leading roles of Shakespeare but himself.

"Our first stop was at Scranton, Pa., where we were to play for one week. In the company we had Charles J. Heartwell, leading man; George L. Aiken (dramatic author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'), George Anderson, George W. Thompson, Mr. S. Mortimer (comedy), Mr. Williams, Mr. Harry Sheed, Mr. S. Brim, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Binney, Miss Linden and others.

"Our first week was a disastrous one, artistically and financially. Mason was the star, and he played Damon in 'Damon and Pythias' during that time. The amount for the first night was $84, the second was $24, the third brought in $15 and decreased in proportion each night. Things were looking dark and gloomy financially, and Mason was appealed to to let Mr. Heartwell try a week in some of his special roles, but it was useless. Mason claimed if he could not draw the business no person could. 'I have gone to the expense of bringing to this town a fine company,' said he, 'for my support, and as the residents haven't the intelligence to appreciate a

star of my magnitude we will tarry here no longer than to-night. Next week we will play,' said he, 'in Wilkesbarre, Pa., where our merits will be appreciated.'

"Well, we went over to Wilkesbarre and the people of this town had heard of our star and left him and his company to play to empty benches. Mason tried it for a week and then left us to find our way back to New York. Thompson and I rode back on a coal car, using for seats two large chunks of coal. How the rest managed to reach home, I am unable to say."

"You were paid your two weeks' salary, at least," said Blobson.

"Paid!" said Brim, "No, sir; not a penny! And it is just such men as Mason who degrade the members of an honorable profession and will to the end of time.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, continuing, "after reaching the city I went to my good-natured landlady (and she was a lady of the old school). I told her my story and instead of upbraiding me for not having the means to liquidate a portion, if not all my past obligations, she hurried me off to my room, with the injunction that I must get cleaned up, as supper would soon be ready. After supper I sat down to read the papers and learn the news of the day. To my surprise I read the following: 'A society lady wishes a dramatic company to support her; apply 35 ——— street.' Bright and early the next morning I applied at the street and number, and was ushered into a richly furnished parlor, and was met by the lady's manager. Although he had to me a forbidding-looking face, as if he had just escaped from prison, he had a well lubricated tongue. His story was to the effect that the lady he represented was a society star, with abundance of means at her command; and as I was the last member required to fill the company, they

would open in Springfield on the following Monday, and afterwards play in all the leading Eastern cities. The terms offered me were satisfactory, and I closed with him, and went home to make preparations to leave on the Saturday morning train. We left New York in grand style, but we did not return in that way.

"I can assure you, one week was enough in Springfield, Mass., and well, after that, it was get home as well as you can. Charley Peters and I managed to get as far as Fall River by train through the courtesy (I might as well use that term) of one of the railway employees, who, by the way, had been an actor at one time; from the train we went on board the steamer. Our capital being limited, having secured a few dollars from the manager of the Society lady, we felt we could relinquish all thoughts of a state-room for a solid supper, and we did so. After a very hearty meal in the kitchen (by feeing one of the waiters) we sauntered out on deck to inhale as much of the ozone as two in our position were entitled to, and to discuss the occurrences of the past ten days. We found, upon comparing notes, our willowy manager was one of the many well dressed sharks who make a comfortable living from stage-struck young ladies possessing sufficient capital to purchase costumes, etc., etc. They make a point of advertising for young ladies to play a star part in some piece; experience not necessary. Must have means to furnish their costumes, etc., etc.

"By this method the swindler, male or female, gets acquainted with young ladies who may possess a few hundred or more dollars, and tells them of the bright future. A company is engaged to travel, and as long as the money of the victim holds out, the delusion is kept up. But when the bubble bursts and there is no money to

pay the hotel man, the printer, the hall owner, or the members of the company, then comes the tug of war, as to how the deceived and injured people can get to their homes. This is the character of the inhuman brute with whom I played. But there are many more like him, and so long as there are victims, so long will there be swindlers of this same stamp.

Well, after we had discussed matters till nearly midnight, it was thought proper to make a search for some quiet nook to stow ourselves away till we landed. Peters hit upon a double seat carriage on the forward deck, and into it we clambered. It was one of the inclosed kind, with windows and shades; and when the doors were shut a spring in the lock prevented them being opened from the outside. We made ourselves comfortable with some rugs and blankets we found inside, but we had no sooner got comfortably seated before we were aroused by the cry of 'Tickets! have your tickets ready!' Not taking the precaution to provide ourselves with tickets, we were certainly unprepared for any such demand; consequently concluded, in this instance, discretion the better part of valor, and there we remained till the boat touched her dock in New York, when we made our way up town." Just as Brim had reached this point in the story, Flick came rushing in and announced the fact that Detroit was now in sight, and to prepare for the end of their journey. With the promise from Brim that he would continue his story at some other time, they commenced to pack up their wraps, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COMPANY IN DETROIT—HOW FLICK WAS BUNCOED—BUILDING CASTLES FROM HIS IMAGINARY WEALTH—GREAT DISAPPOINTMENTS—HOW FLICK WOULD RUN A SHOW—OVER TO CHICAGO—A TRIP OVER THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC RAILWAY—HOW BLOBSON GOT A LIVE BABY.

WITHOUT delay or accident the Company arrived in Detroit, reached the hotel, and it being quite late, all retired for the night. Flick was the first to make his appearance the next morning, and after breakfast he started out to make arrangements for engaging with the best theatre on big sharing terms, or engaging the best hall. In both he was disappointed. Not a theatre in the place had any time or terms to offer for two weeks, owing to previous arrangements, and the only hall that could be rented was a tumble-down rookery somewhat after the style of the Plunktown Opera House, only in a worse condition. The rival companies he expected to leave behind him and reach Detroit in advance evidently took the short cut and out-generaled him. "Yes," said Flick, "that is always the way with Bluffington, he must have his way, and now look at the result, a clean $2,000 lost to us in the week. Had I been permitted to bring the Com-

Madame MODJESKA and Miss KEMBLE.

pany from Winnipeg by rail instead of that infernal Lake route, we would have had our pick of theatres and not be laughed at by other advance agents. Well, there is one thing certain, Bluffington will have to stop meddling with the outside business of this Company, or I will. I now give him fair warning. I am not going to be further interfered with." "Is this your pocketbook, sir?" said a young woman whose face was very handsome, while her garments bespoke poverty. Flick, while communing with his own thoughts, did not hear her footstep nor the sound of the pocketbook she dropped at his feet. "Why, bless my soul," said he, taking the pocketbook in his hand, "you gave me an awful start; where did you get this?"

"At your feet," said she, "and I presume you lost it."

Flick pushed his hands into every pocket, even into those in his vest, and was on the point of promptly denying any knowledge of his ever seeing it before, when his better nature overcame his slight scruples; he opened the wallet and saw as he supposed mountains of greenbacks, so promptly answered: "Yes! it is mine."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said the young woman. "I am very poor and sadly in need of money. Yet it gives me joy to feel you are in possession of your own, although my mother and poor little brothers and sisters know not where to go to get their next meal."

Flick's very selfish nature was touched and he was about to open the wallet and give her a portion of the money it contained, feeling she was entitled to a share of it, a small one, and she should have it.

"Yes," said he (communing with himself), "from what I saw when I opened it, there must be several thousand dollars in it. Yes, my dear, your honesty I will reward."

He was about to open again the wallet to give her a

share of it, when she prevented him by pointing to two suspicious individuals on the opposite corner, looking over to where Flick and the young woman were standing.

"If you expose that wallet so that those men can see it, you may be followed and possibly meet with sudden death," said she.

"Are there such people living here?" said Flick.

"Oh, yes! plenty of them. And that class of people knowing you had a large wallet containing possibly thousands of dollars, would stop at nothing to obtain it."

"Well, here, my good girl," (taking a roll of bills from his inside coat pocket) there is at least fifty dollars, and if you will agree to meet me on this corner at say this hour, to-morrow, I will give you an additional fifty. Now, I will leave you as I see those two suspicious characters have their eyes upon us. Remember to be here to-morrow at this hour."

"Thank you! I will!" And she turned the corner and was soon lost to view.

Flick hurried onward and increased his speed at nearly every step so that when he was within a block of his hotel, he had quickened his pace into a run. Dashing upstairs, he entered his room, shut the door with a terrible slam, and not until he had locked and double bolted the door and pushed the bureau against it, did he feel safe from murderers and assassins. Without stopping to wipe the perspiration, which was running down in torrents from his head and face, and settling into the heels of his stockings, he pulled out his wallet.

"Ah! my friend," said he, "you and I will keep company in the future. I'll take care you will never again go astray. Yes, I can now snap my fingers at Bluffington, with his old ramshackle 'Never Get Left

Dramatic Company.' Shall I count the money now or had I better wait till I get over the thought of those villains following me? I will wait a while. (Knock at door. Flick starts up in terror.) Hello! Eh! who is there? If you try to enter, it will be at your peril! Speak, quick, your message, or your life will not be worth a dead mackerel. Speak, I say! Who are you?"

"Please, sir, I'm Front," said a squeaking voice through the keyhole.

"Front, eh?" said Flick. "And who in the world is Front? I don't know any such person.

"Why, I'm Front, one of the hotel hall boys."

"Oh! Well, what is wanted of me, eh?" said Flick through the keyhole.

"Mr. Bluffington says you must come to his room, you old duffer."

"Tell Mr. Bluffington to go to blazes! Do you hear, you discarded piece of chewing-gum?"

"Rats!" said the squeaky voice through the keyhole, and his receding foot-steps could be heard distinctly.

"The idea," said Flick, "of that miserable old swindling Bluffington sending after me as if I was a common lackey; the old bung-starter; why I now have wealth enough to buy and sell him twenty times over. Although I have not as yet counted the money in that wallet, I am sure there must be a fortune in it. Let me see," he soliloquized, "I will certainly want an elegant team, wagon, harness, and other incidentals; then I shall require a closed freight car to carry them, and that will necessitate a groom. A man with my means should not, however, depend on the misery of hiring at each stopping place a freight car, and putting up with any old rattle-box the railway people may have on hand; but how to overcome this? I have it, by jove! I will have a special

car built with modern improvements to convey my rig in proper style. Now that reminds me," he continued; "why should I not have a coach of my own as well as the horses? Not a bad idea, Flick, eh?"

"Yes, I'll order two coaches, one for my stock and one for my own personal use. The stock car will be painted in bright red and blue trimmings, with the letters on each side, 'Flick's private stock car.' My private coach will be painted in green and gold, and trimmed with the most expensive shades of red, green, orange, purple and pink. The interior will be fitted up with hot and ice water boilers and condensers, so that I can bathe in two different temperatures when desired. A parlor will occupy one-third of the coach, a buffet another third, a billiard room a third more, a dining room with bath-room another third, while the balance of the car will, well, yes, be used for receptions or anything I may think proper. The lettering on the outside will be 'Flick's private palace on wheels.' "This," said he, "will make barn-storming managers and actors turn red, white and blue with rage."

Putting his hand in his pocket he brought forth the "Aladdin" wallet, opened it, tumbled its contents on the table, and when he discovered only green shaded paper, and of no value, he swooned and fell to the floor. He recovered shortly afterwards to find his castle building useless, and that he had been swindled out of fifty dollars by a poor but handsome-faced girl, and would probably lose his position for the abuse of his manager. Happily, however, the remarks he made to the hall boy were not carried to Bluffington, and he escaped dismissal. Pushing aside the bureau which he had previously placed against the door, he sauntered out to get the air and a nervine (that is what it is called in Detroit).

He met Bluffington who informed him the Company must start that night for Chicago, going by way of the Chicago and Grand Trunk to that city, and thence by the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Company westward.

Arriving in Chicago in proper time, there was no delay in reaching the depot of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway, and fortunately it was the lightning express which was to convey the Company as far west as the business would warrant. The route as laid out over this line was that Joliet would be the first stop, the next Bureau, then down to Peoria, and up to Rock Island, then Washington, Eldon, Altemonta, Cameron and Kansas City. This is a very handsome and promising place, and one which will always repay a good company for the time spent there. After a week there the Company moved on to Topeka, then around to St. Joseph, Atchison, and Leavenworth, where they appeared at each place to moderately fine houses. A long jump brought the Company to Davenport, 183 miles from Chicago, thence to West Liberty, Grinnell and Des Moines, the latter a city of wealth and importance. From this point to Minneapolis no stop was made and the city was reached before dark. Nothing could be done in this place till Monday morning unless to go out the next day, Sunday, and view the town ; and a splendid place it was. Mills, factories, handsome churches and elegant residences were found on every hand. One week was the time agreed upon to remain, and the business was satisfactory to both Bluffington and his business manager, Flick. After a week in St. Paul the Company was turned back towards Chicago, playing in nearly every town of note on the way. Every member seemed to feel pleased not alone by the trip but as well

by the care and attention shown them by the officials along the line. Nothing humorous occurred of any importance during the entire trip until leaving Rock Island, a lady with a young child about thirteen months old was an occupant of the same seat with Blobson, and when the train stopped the lady asked him if he would do her the favor to hold the dear child while she went into the station-room. Blobson was only too pleased to accommodate so handsome a lady, the mother of such a dear baby. The train remained at the station some time, but the lady not making her appearance made Blobsom feel uneasy, and when the train started off slowly but surely he was horrow-stricken at seeing the supposed mother of the baby coming to the doorway of the station kissing her hand to him and waving him adieus.

Poor Blobson's feelings could be better imagined than described. The train had gotten under full headway before he could really grasp the true condition of affairs, and was nearly ten miles distant from the station. What to do he did not know. Acting from the impulse of the moment he reached up, seized the bell cord, and brought the train to such a sudden stop as nearly to derail it. The conductor and all hands were soon in the coach inquiring the cause of the trouble, when Blobson explained that the mother of the baby he held was left at the last station and they must go back for her.

"Nonsense, my friend," said he, "she was not the mother, she was only the keeper of a lying-in asylum, who came out from Chicago to do business. No person will ever ask you again for that baby."

A lady just one seat back of Blobson inquired if he would have any objections to giving her the baby. If

he would not, she would be pleased to take it home and bring it up as her own.

To this request Blobson quickly consented and turned over the property without a murmur, and yet a close observer would a few moments afterwards recognize a lonely tear trickling down his cheek. In silence he left the train when it reached Chicago and followed the company to the depot of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, corner of Wells and Kinzee streets, when Flick was asked by the members of the company as to what point they would make their first stop.

"Stop!" said he, "why our first stop will be at San Francisco, and we will then work our way back to New York over the C. N. W. and Union Pacific."

"What! walk?" said the leading man.

"Walk, no sir," said Flick, "not while there is a rail fastened to the ground or a train of cars not in use, sir. The 'Never Get Left Dramatic Company' will maintain its dignity even if it has to return by a freight or a hand car, but it will never walk. That part of the business, sir, we will leave to barnstormers."

Flick was at this moment called away by Bluffington, who gave orders to have the company secure their seats as they had only fifteen minutes before the train started. Flick announced, after his return, the orders of his chief, and without wasting any time they were soon comfortably seated. The train started precisely on the minute, and after arun of 490 mileswest of Chicago, they reached Council Bluffs. At Granger, 1368 miles from Chicago, the train took the Southern Branch of the Union Pacific, passing Ogden, 1527 miles from Chicago, and going west by south till reaching San Francisco. There the company, after a long but exceedingly pleasant journey over the line, made hasty preparations to get to the

hotel and indulge themselves to their hearts' content. San Francisco, instead of lacking for amusements, as Bluffington supposed, and as Flick was equally as positive of, was actually overrun with that commodity. Here was a dilemma; 3000 miles away from New York and not sufficient funds left to pay the necessary expenses for the return of the company. After the company was carefully housed, Bluffington and Flick went into the manager's room to hold, as it were, a council of war. Plans were put forth by each, but after dissecting them they were as quickly abandoned as not being practical. When all hope of safety was nearly abandoned, a knock came to the door, and when it was opened by Flick, Mr. Anderson entered with a stranger, who was afterwards introduced as Herr Robinson, the owner of a menagerie and a guest of the hotel.

Bluffington offered both Anderson and Robinson chairs, and asked in what way he could be of any assistance to him.

"Well, sir," said Robinson, "I discovered your arrival in town by looking over the hotel register, and concluded to seek you out, and make a proposition—a business one."

"You have come to the proper person, I can assure you; pray proceed, sir."

"Well, sir, I will say to you frankly and briefly, I started out from New York with an excellent menagerie, circus and side show, and what with hard times, bad luck, I have now left of my big show, two elephants, one mule and one monkey. I did intend giving a dime museum show of my menagerie here, but if you can see your way clear to go in with me, I will give, with the assistance of your company, an entertainment that will attract the town."

"What will be the style of your entertainment," said Bluffington, "and where would you give it?"

"The style of the entertainment would be the well known spectacular play of the 'Elephant of Siam,' and I would hold it in the Rink."

"The piece I well know, and with your elephants it would, I am sure, draw well. But what sort of a place is this Rink you speak of? Is there any scenery in it?"

"There is no scenery, but a friend of mine has all that would be required. The building will hold about 4000 people at one time, and if you are agreeable I will join my forces with yours, and divide equally, share and share alike."

"You are certainly very kind and frank, and were it not for one thing I would gladly join you in the enterprise," said Bluffington.

"And that one thing is?"

"Lack of funds," said Bluffington.

"My friend," said Robinson, "I am in the same boat."

"Then how can you possibly see your way clear to giving a performance?"

"If you will agree to join with me I will guarantee you the performance will be given, and you will not be called on for a penny till after the curtain falls on the first night."

"Well, sir, I admire your way of doing business, and if my business manager thinks as well of it as I do, I am with you. What do you say, Mr. Flick?"

"I will say, gentlemen, I think the sooner you close the bargain, the better."

"Mr. Robinson, there is my hand; now, sir, as you are the originator of the enterprise, lead the way and I will follow."

"All right, sir; will you assist me, Mr. Flick, in the management?"

"Why certainly, sir; I am at your service; when shall we start out?"

"At once." And after bidding Bluffington good-day, they started off in the direction of a money-lender where Robinson arranged for a loan of $500 secured by a chattel mortgage on his two elephants.

In a week from that day the doors of the rink were open, and for four weeks the house was crowded, and at the end of that period Bluffington and Robinson divided some $14,000 above all liabilities. Bluffington would have remained with his company longer, but he was obliged to return East.

Three days after the close he with his company were enjoying the comforts of a separate drawing-room coach on the Union Pacific Railway running at an average speed of 40 miles per hour. It was the intention of the manager to stop at the large towns, and there are many of them, but the telegram he received while in San Francisco would not permit it. Arriving safely and speedily at Council Bluffs, and without any delay the company was soon speeding away over the Chicago and Northwestern Railway at, it would seem, a more rapid pace than formerly. Although 490 miles west of Chicago the run was made in less than twenty hours. Once in that city tickets were secured over the Pennsylvania Railway.

CHAPTER XX.

OVER THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—THE TWO MYSTERIOUS OCCUPANTS OF A SLEEPER—THE GERMAN IN THE SLEEPER — THE NEGRO PORTER IN THE SLEEPER — ANDERSON, THE VENTRILOQUIST, IN THE SLEEPER—HOW IT ALL ENDED IN THE SLEEPER.

WITHOUT delay the train started on time. With almost lightning rapidity it passed towns, cities and villages, leaving far behind in the wake only the smoke of the engine and the echoes of the steam whistle. Anderson, the ventriloquist, instead of sleeping in the coach allotted to the company found his way into the forward one, and took a seat in an unoccupied section, where he could better enjoy his own company, get a good view of the interior, and note the condition of things. As it was nearly midnight and the rest of the passengers were asleep or wishing they were, Anderson discovered that the section opposite, although the curtains were drawn, was empty.

"Now," said Anderson, "as I cannot sleep I will have some amusement."

In section 10 a German was snoring so loud, a listener would suppose the occupant was sawing short strips of boards with a buzz saw and occasionally striking a knot

Anderson threw his voice as if coming from No. 10 calling the porter.

The porter, who was engaged in polishing shoes, stopped his work and tripped lightly to section 10.

"Did you call me, sah." (No answer came from the German.)

"I begs youa pardon, sah. Did you call me?"

The only reply was a snore.

"Well, I hope I may soon get a half dollah if dat German don't call people in his sleep and den forgots all about it. I'll jess watch him en ef he calls me agin I'll bet I wakes him up."

Just as the porter resumed his work Anderson threw his voice from section 10, calling louder than before for his assistance. The voice sounded as if the German was being strangled.

Away the porter ran, considerably frightened by the strangling sounds, and, without stopping to call the German, in his excitement let the blacking brush come down full force on the German's stomach, bending him up to a sitting posture, spluttering and blowing like a new convert after his first backward dip in cold water.

"Hello, who vos dot? Vot's de matter, eh?"

"Why sah, its me, de poter."

"Who you vos?"

"I'm de poter, sah."

"You vos dot porter, eh. Vell, vot you gif me dot club on my stumjic for. You tink I vos a dem Yenkee Dudles sun of a gun dot you cud make foolishness mit me like dot?"

In his great excitement, he, swinging his arms in all directions, lost his balance, and brought down with him 200 pounds of good German flesh into the section beneath.

The colored porter seeing the movement, and supposing the German was making a rush for him, never stopped running till he arrived in the baggage car.

The German finally clambered back into his berth, and in a few moments was soon again snoring, starting in on "The Watch on the Rhine," with double bass accompaniment.

At first the movement was very slow, uncertain, and in an extended style. Then he struck a "larghetto," then came an "andante" movement; this was followed by an "allegro" movement, then skipping six bars and going into the quickest movement, "prestissimo," his bed fairly danced under him by his rapid snoring. This was continued until he was nearly shaken to pieces. His wind held out till he struck a fortissimo movement, and then he commenced throwing out discordant snores, ending in a powerful crescendo movement, which awoke him, looking horror struck, really not knowing what had caused the sudden crash he supposed he heard. He saw the conductor pass, and in the semi-darkness supposed it was the porter at his former tricks.

"Ya," said he, "dots it, it vos dot black fellar who hit me, now vas two times mit his club ven I vas schleep. Vell, now I vas goin' to vatch dot black sun of a gun, und if he vakes me up like dot vunce anodder time, by shimminy vippity I vill know who vos the keendoctur of dis reelroad."

Sleep soon overcame him and he was soon snoring "Watch on de Rhine."

Section 11 was empty and opposite Anderson. The curtains were down, and after quiet was restored and the porter returned, Anderson concluded before they

reached Pittsburg he would try his ventriloquial powers on section 11 between man and wife.

"Yes," said the supposed lady in No. 11, "you thought you were extremely clever this morning in skipping out of the hotel under the pretext that you were only going to the corner to mail a letter, and then stay out all day, leaving me to be insulted by every jackanapes in the house."

"But, my dear," said the supposed husband, "no person insulted you."

"Insult me! I guess not. I'd only like to see any one with nerve enough to insult me. You can go out and visit here and there and everywhere, and when you do return you feel weary and tired out, and your head aches so bad, and your breath smells so horrid of, as you call it, mince pie—a new name for whiskey—that you must go to bed immediately."

"Where would you have me go, into the street to sleep?"

"Sleep where you got all your mince pie."

"Well, I will next time."

"You will, eh? Well, this is adding insult to injury. Stay out, eh, will you? Well, you just let me catch you at it."

"Well, now; for heaven's sake do let me go to sleep!"

"Sleep! Sleep! Sleep! (The last sounded very much like a scream.) You're a nice man to talk about sleep."

"Well, if you will not let me sleep, do let the other passengers sleep."

"What have I to do with the other passengers' sleeping? Why don't they sleep? I am sure I don't want them to go without their sleep. I won't stop them."

"But you are preventing them by jawing at me."

"Jawing! Jawing! You call my mild and gentle

allusions to your treatment of me jawing, do you? That's it, insult me. You know I'm alone and unprotected, or you would not dare do it. No, sir; if my big brother Jim was here he would make you feel as if you had been fooling with the business end of an electric light wire."

"I only wish for your sake that big brother was here. I'd make him think he had got fastened on to the business ends of a dozen electric light wires," said he.

"Oh, you cruel wretch; you, that I loved and worshiped at one time, to entertain such horrible thoughts against my poor, innocent little brother. Well, that's like your sex; pretend love in words and are actual murderers at heart. No, no; I cannot love you again; you have cut in twain the last piece of rope that bound me to you. (Great sobbing by a woman is heard in section 11.) Oh, Georgie, Georgie! How could you, years ago, go and steal my young and tender heart, and now break it in pieces like a second-hand pane of window glass. Oh, oh, oh!"

The passengers by this time were nearly all awake and peeping through the curtains and anxiously listening to every word Some were for putting the ugly brute of a husband off the train, while the male portion sympathized with him for having such an unbearable shrew of a wife. Every passenger in the sleeper became interested in the scene, the males sympathizing with the husband, and the ladies with, as they exclaimed, the poor abused wife. The conductor was called for from a half dozen berths to stop the row in No. 11, and he finally instructed the porter to inform No. 11 the disturbance must be discontinued, and at once, or they would be put off at the first station. The porter started off to visit No. 11, and when he arrived there everything was as

quiet as possible. Thinking the occupants were asleep at last, and not wishing to disobey the conductor's orders, he concluded to rouse them from their slumbers and deliver his instructions. Knocking gently on section 11, but meeting with no response, he tapped harder, till he awoke the German in No. 10, who had just finished snoring the last bar of "Watch on the Rhine." Looking out through the portieres he saw the porter knocking at section 11.

"Vell," said he, "if dot black fellow vosn't trying to play some tricks mit No. 11. I vould gif a five cent Nicholas piece uff No. 11 vould shump ouit his bet und shase him up der railroad tracks for a kupple miles. Dot vould been fun. Och, mein Gott und heimel, dot vould been more funny as notting else. Ha, ha, ha!"

After the laughing had ceased it was followed by a gentle snort and series of prolonged and agonizing snores from the German.

"Youse da in nummer eleben, doan you's heah me, eh, what? I say, doan you heah me?" (Knock very loudly, while the passengers are watching through the portieres and listening.) "I say, nummer eleben, ef you's asleep, dat's all rite; but ef youse isn't, den I mus' spoke wid you. Dus you heah me?"

At this Anderson, from the opposite side, threw his voice over into No. 11, and in low, gutteral tones, as if coming from the bowels of the earth, he asked:

"Who is there?"

Although the porter nearly fainted at the unearthly and frigid voice, he managed to stammer:

"It is me, sah."

"And who is me, sah, eh?"

Trembling, the porter answered:

"De poter, sah."

"Well, sir, what—do—you—want?" (In deep, tragic tones.)

"Well, sah, I'se adwised by de kunducta to 'specialery 'quest you bof to turn ober an' go to sleep like 'specttuble white folks, and not be 'sturbin' de res' ob de pussons on dis yer kyar."

"Well you leave this section, or I'll blow your head off with a keg of dynamite?"

"Good Lord! yes, an' I'm gone," and the porter disappeared.

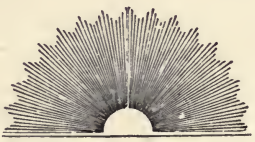
The passengers hearing this became excited and made no delay in finding their way silently to the rear end of the sleeper, where they met the conductor, who was appealed to by both males and females to put the occupants of No. 11 off at the first station. This he at first declined to do, as the occupants paid their fare; but, on second thought, he saw his mistake, and willingly acceded to the request.

"Has any gentleman here a revolver I can borrow for a few moments? The chap in No. 11 may be pretty ugly when I call upon him to turn out, and I may need it."

During this conversation between conductor and passengers, Anderson slipped into No. 11, opened the windows and left the bedding in a disordered state. After reaching his own section dreadful and piercing screams were heard coming from section 11, followed by loud angry words and maniacal laughter. This brought all the passengers to No. 11. The conductor took the lead, threw the portieres aside, determined to capture the villain at any hazard; but, lo and behold, the section was empty, the windows were open, but where were the occupants? Every nook and corner of No. 11 was searched from end to end, but the occupants could not

be found, and until the train rolled into Pittsburg was it kept up, but it proved useless. When the conductor was asked for an explanation he said he was satisfied the occupants in No. 11 got to quarreling, and the husband, in his excitement, killed the wife, pushed her out on the track and, possibly, slipped out the same window and was killed by a passing train.

After leaving Pittsburg, nothing worthy of mention occurred, and in due season the company arrived in New York, where it was obliged to remain for three days preparatory to going South. Anderson, wishing to improve his short stay, concluded to go with a friend to an amateur entertainment; all of which will be found here as presented on the night in question.



CHAPTER XXI.

ANDERSON, THE VENTRILOQUIST, ATTENDS AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF "RICHARD III." — THE OPENING WAS DOUBTFUL, BUT THE CLOSE OF THE PERFORMANCE WAS NOT—THE AUDIENCE AND ACTORS GET BADLY MIXED — POLICE! POLICE! — CONTINUATION OF THE LAST ACT AT THE POLICE COURT.

WHILE the company had to lie over in New York for a few days, preparatory to an engagement in another town, Anderson received, through a friend, a ticket for a performance to be given by the "Booth Dramatic Association" at Brooks's Academy in Broome street, near Centre Market, and "Richard III." was up for presentation. Anderson arrived in proper time. Solon Scrubbs, an amateur, was to be the star of the night, essaying the part of the humpback tyrant. His opponent, the "Richmond," was a Mr. Nubbles, a grocer's clerk. Scrubbs was in height about four feet nine inches, carroty hair, with the trade mark of a small-pox hospital all over his face, and a voice equal to the depth and intensity of a boiler shop in full blast.

Nubbles was in height full six feet, looking for all the world like one of the prize patients of a consumptive

institute, and with a voice as weak as a three-year-old sickly child. And yet Mr. Nubbles felt and so expressed it "he was to be in time a grand actor. Even now" he further observed, 'it is my ability that compels our association to insist upon my playing Richmond,' although I protested against it."

The fact is, as one of the members of the association said subsequently, Nubbles paid the secretary $2.50 for the privilege.

The balance of the cast was in keeping with the two gentlemen already mentioned. The hall was packed with the friends and enemies of the Booth Association. The enemies were the members of the Garrick Club from Dramatic Hall, in Houston street, near Broadway.

In consequence of the curtain not rising within a half hour of the appointed time, a great hubbub and excitement was created, evidently by the "Garricks."

The wait was caused by Scrubbs persisting in wearing the "throne" cloth instead of a cloak, always used as he stated, by "Richard." His reasons were the cloth was rich and striking in appearance, while the cloak was just the opposite, and no amount of reasoning could remove from his shallow brain that he was not right.

The costumer of the evening, who was the only one present knowing how the part should be dressed, finally acquiesced.

Nubbles was the next one to attract the attention of the costumer by his dress. He claimed that black stockings with red stripes, a black "Hamlet" dress and a helmet should be worn by "Richmond." "For," as he put it, "isn't 'Richmond' a soldier? Is he not to fight a duel with 'Richard' to the d-e-a-t-h?"

The costumer saw no chance of the piece ever being played if the argument continued, so hurried off his

assistant with orders to bring back a wagon load of costumes representing all nations.

Off he went and returned again as quickly as possible, and requested the club to make their own selections, and they did. Each one picked out what best suited his or her own fancy, and when ready to appear a more incongruous set was never seen. Costumes from "Othello," mixed with the "Taming of the Shrew," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Julius Cæsar," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and several others, were donned by the amateur actors.

Well, the curtain went up at last, and "Richard" walked on with the throne cloth covering him from head to foot. His appearance produced the most uproarious applause and derisive laughter. This Scrubbs accepted as an ovation and bowed his thanks; when he commenced his lines, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York, and all the clouds that lowered upon our house, are in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Scrubbs, in trying to continue in his lines, forgot himself and his audience commenced to titter. "Go and get the book, old man, and see where you are," said one.

"Come out from under that awning (meaning the throne cloth) and let's have a good look at you," said another; all of which did not tend to quiet Scrubbs' nerves or assist him in his lines. "He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber," said one of the Garrick Club. "I that am rudely stamped," prompted another of the auditors. "Have no delight to pass away my hours," came from another part of the house. "I am determined to prove a villain," said another, "By drunken prophesies, libels and dreams." So much prompting, and from so many different parts of the house only added to Scrubbs'

misery, and he soon became a hopeless imbecile, entirely oblivious to his surroundings. Stage-fright had taken possession of him, and he was obliged to be led off the stage. Nubbles claimed he would like to have any of the audience insult him, when he came on in his scene. Just then an apple struck Nubbles on the back of the head, and the curtain fell, shutting him from the audience.

The coarse, not to say outrageous, treatment offered Scrubbs by the audience caused an undue excitement behind the scenes; several of the actors expressed the desire to go out and fling the entire "Garrick Club" down the stairs. Quiet was, however, restored at least for the time being, and the curtain again went heavenward. At the opening, Lady Anne, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, enters attended by ladies and courtiers, followed by attendants bearing the coffined body of King Henry the VI. Lady Anne in this scene should be dressed in deep mourning, instead of which she wore on her head the hat of a shepherdess, a broad leafed one of straw, a black dress, very short in front, showing a pair of brown slippers with pink bows, and scarlet stockings. When Gloster enters and orders the attendants to "set down the corse," they dropped it to the floor so suddenly it awoke a large Newfoundland dog who popped out of it making a rush for an entrance, and in his flight rushed under Lady Anne's skirts, which so electrified her that she leaped up in the air and fell upon the stage in violent hysterics. The dog succeeded, however, in getting away, but the curtain had to be lowered owing to the excitement caused by the dog's exit.

The audience howled at this unpleasant *denouement* and prepared themselves for the next one which was the appearance of Scrubbs before the curtain.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to make a few remarks before the curtain rises again. In the last scene Lady Anne met with a slight accident caused by a large dog mistaking her for a gate, and throwing her into hysterics." "Throwing her into what?" said a voice in the crowd. "Throwing her into haystacks," said Scrubbs. "Hay racks, you mean," said another voice. Here Scrubbs got into one of his nervous spells, and commenced to stutter and splutter. The audience commenced to howl, and Scrubbs' anger rose as the howling increased; at last he offered to fight the whole audience when the show was over, and darted behind the curtain. As it was really necessary the audience should have an intelligent knowledge of how affairs were getting on behind the curtain, Nubbles took the liberty of coming out to explain matters, and was received with thunders of applause, to which he bowed his acknowledgments. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "Lady Anne being too ill to proceed, we will close the night's entertainment (with beer?" said a voice). "No, sir," said Nubbles, somewhat chagrined. "Then punch," said another. "If you will come round on the back of the stage, I'll give you all the punching you want," said Nubbles. "Let us know what you are going to do with Lady Anne," said another. "We are going to bury her," said a voice. "We are going to cut all her scenes out and go to the 5th act of the piece," replied Nubbles. "Hadn't you better give us the first act and drown the 5th?" said a voice. "I know who you are, sir," said Nubbles. "You are one of those miserable 'Garrick Club' spouters." What he would have further stated was cut short by an untied bag filled with flour striking him full in the face, blinding and choking him. This caused Nubbles to beat a hasty retreat behind the scenes.

Nubbles after his retirement was soon surrounded by the company of amateurs, and violent was their wrath at the insults showered upon them by the "Garricks." Blood only could wipe them out. Some of the less excitable ones counseled peace for the present, at least. A vote was taken, and it was decided to go on with the play. The advice was acceptable to a majority, and the curtain was again raised, but the reception each actor received from the audience was certainly trying. In the second scene of the 5th act, where Richmond enters and speaks, "Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment," Nubbles lost his lines, when a voice in the audience cried out, "Go for the prompter."

BLUNT: "He hath no friends which in his dearest need but will fly from him."

"Bully for Blunt," said a voice. (Blunt bowed.)

RICHMOND: "True hope is swift; kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures, kings."

Richmond and Army start to march off, when the cry went up among the audience, "Hay foot, straw foot, hay foot, straw foot," till they left the stage.

From the second scene they went to the 4th where Richmond rushes on crying "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse. Slave," said he, "I have set my life upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die. I think there be six Richmonds in the field, five have I slain today instead of him." Richmond rushes in, they meet, and cross swords. "Look out Dick, you'll be stabbed," from the auditorium. "Keep your eye on him, Rich, old man," said another. "Time," cried a third. "Now, then, all together," said a fourth voice. These remarks so disconcerted the players, that while one was striking at the right of his opponent, the other was striking at the left.

The howling and yelling of the audience, and the firing at the combatants of apples, potatoes and other unsavory missiles brought the actors to a state of frenzy, and the whole company made a rush off the stage at their tormentors ; at this the police rushed in, and those who did not escape (Anderson and many others did) were bundled off to the station-house to reflect on the uncertainty of the rules governing Shakespearian dramatic performances.

CHAPTER XXII.

LEAVING BY THE OLD DOMINION LINE — ARRIVING AT RICHMOND—THE OLD BATTLE-FIELDS—A LONG RUN OVER THE ATLANTIC COAST LINE AND BACK TO WASHINGTON—BRIM TELLS ANOTHER STORY.

EVERYBODY was notified after breakfast the next day to be in readiness to leave by the Old Dominion line of steamers at 3 P. M. from Pier 26, North River. This order was put into hasty execution, and at 3 P. M the company was on board, and by night-time passed out at Sandy Hook, leaving the Jersey Shore in the distance. Everybody was made to feel at home on the ship, and every attention was shown the passengers by the officers while on board. Blobson and his side-partner, Props, joined with the company and a number of the passengers in offering a vote of thanks for the pleasure they enjoyed. Although Blobson had a continued purplish colored skin, as if he was approaching a first-class chill or receding from one, and was constantly sucking a lemon and occasionally looking over the side of the ship, with the color of his face changing from purple to green and cream-white, he was enthusiastic over the trip.

After the arrival at Richmond, Va., the company was obliged to lay over till the following Monday, and how to pass away the time was the question asked by all. After consulting with Flick he suggested going over the

old battle fields. "This," he said, "would no doubt be of interest." (Pulling out a small book from his pocket.) "And here is the little article to guide us in our journey. It is, as you observe, entitled 'A Few Facts,' and edited by Mr. R. R. Window, a well-known writer and railway man. Here, you see, are the distances along the coast from New York to Norfolk from government surveys:"

COAST-LINE DISTANCES FROM NEW YORK TO NORFOLK, VA.

	Statute Miles.		Statute Miles.
New York (Batt'y) to Narrows	9	Fenwick's Island to Winter Quarter Lightship	32
The Narrows to Sandy Hook.	11½	Winter Quarter Lightship to Chincoteague	9
Sandy Hook to High ands..	8	Chincoteague to Hog Island.	42
Highlands to Barnegat	42	Hog Island to Cape Charles.	22
Barnegat to Egg Harbor	21	Cape Charles to Cape Henry.	15
Egg Harbor to Absecom	11½	Cape Henry to Old Point Comfort	19
Absecom to Northeast End Lightship	29	Old Point Comfort to Norfolk	15
Northeast End Lightship to Delaware Lightship	10½		
Delaware Lightship to Fenwick's Island	33½		330

Passengers coming North read upward.

"Not a bad idea, boys, is it? And here we have the distances from Alexandria, Va., to Norfolk, Va., up and down the Potomac River. Distances on the Potomac River from Washington, compiled at the United States Coast Survey, will be of interest to travelers and others."

"Boys," said Blobson, "I have a grand idea, and as I am in no way selfish I will give it for the benefit of the crowd. Since listening to your description of distances from New York to this point, my opinion is it will pay to get up a guide to towns along the entire Atlantic and

Pacific Ocean, so that managers and actors could run in by boat to places on the water side."

"Yes," said Brim, "it is an excellent scheme, but let me finish up before we discuss yours."

	Miles.		Miles.
Alexandria	5	Cedar Point Light	53
Rosier's Bluff	7	Mathias Point	55
Broad Creek	9	Persimmon Point	59
Fort Washington	11¾	Lower Cedar Point Light	61½
Mount Vernon	14	Rosier's Creek	64
Marshall Point	15	Monroe's Creek	68
White House	16½	Great Wicomico Bay	75
Hollowing Point	20	Blackiston's Island Light	79
Craney Island	21	Machadock River	85
Glymont	21½	Ragged Point	87
Indian Head	23½	Piney Point	91½
Mattawoman Creek	27½	St. Mary's River	99
Cockpit Point	29	Point Lookout Light	106
Quantico Creek	37½	Smith's Point Lightship	119
Sandy Point	34	Rappahannock	137
Liverpool Point	36	Wolf Trap	149
Smith's Point	59	York Spit Light	161
Aquia Creek	39½	Fortress Monroe	188
Maryland Point	45	Craney Island	196
Nanjemoy Creek	52	Norfolk	200

From Norfolk read upward.

"At every point given here battles were fought and won by both the 'blue and the gray.' Many of the places are still surrounded with old forts, fortifications and other painful reminders of the thousands of brave men who lie sleeping where they fell. Here we are on the James River time table, as you can see. Distances on James River, Va.:"

From Richmond.	Miles.	From Norfolk. Miles.
* Norfolk	116	....
Newport News	101½	14½
White Shoal Light	95	21
Deep Water Light	80½	35½
King's Mill	75	41
Tavern Point	74	42
Jones's Wharf	70	46
Jamestown	68	48
Dancing Point	59	57
Claremont	56½	59⅝
Lower Brandon	55	61
Upper Brandon	49½	66½
Fort Powhatan	46½	69⅝
Windmill Point	43	73
Westover	39½	76⅝
Berkley	37⅝	78½
City Point	32	84
Shirley	30	86
Curl's Neck	20½	95½
Deep Bottom	18½	97⅝
Varina	15	101
Dutch Gap	14	102
Cox's Wharf	13½	100½
Bennett's Wharf	10⅝	105½
Willis's Wharf	10	106
Chaffin's Bluff	8½	107½
Drury's Bluff	7	109
Warwick	5	111
Richmond Bar	3	113

Old Point, 110—copied from last survey.

"I say, Mr Flick, I would be pleased to own one of those little guides. What are they worth?" said Brim.

"My dear boy, they are invaluable; but if you will write to W. H. Stanford, general passenger agent of the O. D. S. S. Co., 235 West street, New York, you will get a copy free. Say in your letter you are a friend of

mine, and it will give him the impression you occupy a distinguished position in society."

Brim wrote for a copy, but made no allusion to Flick, and received one, as would any other person without Brim's order.

"As we are here in Richmond the following table will interest us," continued Flick.

RICHMOND, VA., TO:

	Miles.		Miles.
Alexandria, Va.	109	Drury's Bluff, Va.	8
Amelia Court House, Va	36	Fair Oaks, Va.	8
Appomattox C. H. via Petersburg	123	Fredericksburg, Va.	61
Burkeville, Va.	55	Petersburg, Va.	23
		Williamsburg, Va.	48

FROM PETERSBURG, VA., TO:

	Miles.		Miles.
Appomattox, Va.	100	Fords, Va.	20
Church Roads, Va.	14	Nottaway, Va.	43
City Point, Va.	10	Norfolk, Va.	81
Farmville, Va.	68		

As the sun was gradually going down in the West it was thought best to postpone the sight seeing till the next day; but when the next day announced itself it was wet and gloomy, and this style of weather continued for three days, so the company was obliged to remain in the hotel and listen to theatrical reminiscences by the company's comedian, Sammy Brim.

"Well, boys," said Brim, as they were seated around his room after supper, "you wish me to give you a little story of old-time theatricals, eh? Well, here goes:

"In this very city, with a population of 68,000, Frank Brower (right name Francis Marion) the well known minstrel, was born in 1823; made his first appearance on

the minstrel stage in Philadelphia at Myers' Museum in 1838. In 1811, the Richmond Theatre was burned down while the performance was in progress, and seventy persons lost their lives. My grandfather was one of the company and from him I received the information."

"Do you remember," said Flick, "when A. M. Palmer opened the Union Square Theatre in New York?"

"I do, very well," said Brim. "It was in September, 1872, as near as my recollection serves me. The building was, up to the opening, a second class livery-stable. Sher Shook, the owner, feeling that a theatre would be the correct thing in the neighborhood, razed the old stable and erected in its stead the Union Square Theatre, and opened it in 1871, with Robert Butler, formerly manager of the Variety Theatre at 444 Broadway. The new theatre was run for one year as a variety house and it was under Butler's management. The well-known Vokes Family made their first appearance here, in New York, in 1871. In 1872-73, A. M. Palmer took charge and, during the season, the following pieces were first produced in this country: 'Frou Frou,' and '100 Years Old.' In 1873, 'Led Astray.' In 1874, the 'Two Orphans' was put on; that was about the twenty-first of December, and it ran until June 15, 1875. In November, 1875, 'Rose Michel,' with Rose Eytinge and J. H. Stoddart in the leading roles played till the spring of 1876.

"During Mr. Palmer's management of the Union Square, many very clever dramatic artists were engaged by him. Among the number were: Clara Morris, Agnes Ethel, Rose Coghlan, Agnes Booth, Charlotte Thompson (daughter of Lysander Thompson), Mrs. McKee Rankin, Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Fanny Morant, Miss Maud Harrison, Miss Jennie Lee, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Miss Kate Claxton, Miss Linda Dietz, Miss Maud Granger, Miss Nina Varian

and Miss Ida Vernon; Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Charles Coghlan, Frederick Robinson, Frederick de Belleville, McKee Rankin, John Parselle, F. F. Mackay, J. H. Stoddart, Richard Mansfield, George Parkes, Eben Plympton, Stuart Robson, Edward Lamb, W. J. Le Moyne, J. B. Polk, Charles Stevenson, Walden Ramsay, J. W. Collier, D. H. Harkins, and Edward Arnott.

"Ah, boys," said Brim, "we have no such organizations as the one I just quoted; but as it is nearly midnight, I think I will give up story telling and retire."

The suggestion was accepted by all and each one wended his way to the room assigned him.

The next day was just as rainy, cold and sloppy as ever, no change whatever. After the company had partaken of breakfast, and were about going to Brim's room to listen to his dramatic experiences, Flick came in in a high state of excitement, and without any explanation ordered every one to be at the depot to take the Atlantic Coast Line to Wilmington, N. C. Every one was on hand as requested, and as the train came into the depot, the company presented a solid front and marched in a solid column into a very elegant coach. Blobson was so pleased with his surroundings, after being seated he enquired of the conductor who was going his rounds collecting tickets, "If this was not a Special Pullman Car?" "Oh, no," said he in a very pleasant manner, and with a slight Southern accent, "all the coaches on this train are just as handsome as the one you are now in."

Instead of going direct to Wilmington a stop was made at Petersburgh, Va., less than an hour's ride from Richmond, Va. This town is situated on the Appomattox river, and has a population of some 24,000. It is quite a busy manufacturing town and has some fine hotels and

private residences. The one-night stand here made by the company paid exceedingly well. The next stop was made at Welden, N. C., to dine, where a bountiful repast was served to the company. The food and service was of the best, and the charges were very moderate. The next town to open in for one night was Goldsboro, in the same state, 49 miles distant, and reached by rail very easily. The receipts for the night's performance in Goldsboro were beyond the expectation of the management and gratifying to all.

The next stop (only one night) was at Wilmington, N. C., with a population of nearly 33,000. In looking over the town it was found to be a wonderfully enterprising and attractive place. Being situated on Cape Fear River, it makes an important shipping point. Business here was very successful. So much so that Flick said, in leaving the place: "It was flying in the face of Providence in leaving such a gold mine for other managers to carry away."

Florence, in S. C., was to be the next stand, but it was decided to go on to Columbia, S. C., and give the inhabitants there a chance to show their appreciation of or disgust for the "Never Get Left Dramatic Company," and it was a question after the performance as to which predominated. One night seemed to satisfy the citizens and the management that the disgust on both sides could not be lessened by remaining any longer, and the next train for Charleston found the company on board, and after a ride of four hours Charleston was reached. One week was given to Charleston with its population of 68,000, and a royal success it was.

Savannah, Ga., was the next city to welcome the company, and a grand welcome it proved to be. The population here was about equal in numbers to Charles-

ton, but if anything a better place for amusements, Flick said, than the former city. After the close of the week the route was to Fernandina, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palatka, around to Gainesville, Fla., and so on up by the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, stopping at all prominent towns that were passed in going down. After a two months' trip over mountains, valley and plain the company reached Washington, filled with pleasure over the Southern trip. Connection was made at Washington with the Pennsylvania limited train for New York, and in five and one-half hours the company landed in New York City.

It was Flick's intention when the company reached Palatka, Florida, to continue over this line to Tampa, there take the steamer and go to Havana, and play there a week, but he was overruled by the manager.

"Why," said Bluffington, "of what use would it be to take our company over to Havana, which is only ninety miles distant, and about a five hours' trip, and play to a Spanish audience? They would not understand our language, and we would be hooted out of the place."

"Why," said Flick in reply, "don't the Italian and German combinations play in the United States, charge enormous prices, and take every dollar back with them? and I think it would be an excellent scheme to try it on the Cubans."

But Bluffington was obdurate, and the Cuban invasion by the "Never Get Left Dramitic Company" was destroyed in its infancy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THROUGH THE NEW ENGLAND STATES, OVER THE NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND RAILWAY—EIGHTY-SIX MILES WITHOUT A STOP—BLOBSON NEARLY CHOKED AT DINNER BY A BONE.

ON the second day after the arrival of the company in New York, word was dispatched to each and every member of the company, to be in readiness to leave for Boston on the 3 P. M. train the coming day, via The New York and New England Short Line Railway, this being the only line running between New York and Boston on Sundays.

At the appointed hour every member of the company was on board, occupying one of the new palace coaches of the line. "All aboard!" was heard, and in a moment the train started. After a three hours run the train pulled into the town of Willimantic, where the company enjoyed a hearty supper, ample time being allowed for the disposal of the meal; there was no bolting of food observed on this occasion, nor did Blobson require, as on two other occasions, to have his breath nearly knocked out of him by members of the company in their frantic efforts to dislodge a bone he tried to swallow in a mistake for a fried oyster.

From Willimantic to Boston the distance is eighty-six miles, and no stops were made between the two points. At 9 P. M. to the minute the company arrived at their destination, and on Monday morning were at rehearsal at the Globe Theatre, where they played to a week's fine business.

The Fall River Line leaving Boston on Sunday night was selected to carry the company to New York. As luck would have it the *Puritan* was in service that night, and the man who is personally acquainted with more of the traveling public than any other in the United States, George W. Rice, chief steward, was at the dock extending a welcome to his numerous friends as they went on board. Chief Steward Washington whose boat was not in service on the evening in question, was standing close to Mr. Rice and was deeply absorbed in the weather, the influx of passengers, or some new style of *menu*, when his reverie was broken by Mr. Rice, who asked him if he didn't tell him to look out for his watch.

"Why, I never spoke to you," said Washington.

"Well, I'm sure I heard you, but as you deny it, it certainly must be I imagined it."

A moment afterwards Washington suddenly faced Rice and startled him by inquiring if he did not tell him to look out for his pocketbook.

"What, me? Now, Mr. Washington, you know me too well to think for a moment that I would attempt to play a trick on you. No, sir, it must have been your imagination."

"Mr. Rice," came a voice from the *Puritan*.

"Yes," said he, in reply, "what is wanted?"

"The captain wants you," said the voice.

Away Mr. Rice went, found the captain, and inquired what was his pleasure. When informed he did not

require his services nor did he send for him, he was not positive the captain was not playing a trick upon him.

"Say, Mr. Rice," said a voice, as he was going across the gang plank; but turning round suddenly he saw no one.

"Well, well," said he, "there must be something amiss with me to-night; and on reaching Steward Washington he was about to tell him of his experience when the yell of a cat as if being crushed under his feet made the two stewards jump as if struck by a live electric wire of sixty volt power.

"Good Lord," said he, looking around. "What have I done?"

A black cat that moment was seen running at break-neck speed across the gangway into the boat.

"There," said Washington, looking in the direction the cat took. "When the chief cook examines his cat he won't find a whole bone in his body."

"Well, I do hope the cook will learn better sense hereafter and try and keep his cat on the boat. I'm dreadfully sorry I injured the animal," said Rice.

"Don't tramp on my feet that way," said a voice behind him.

"Why, bless my soul, I didn't mean to," and on turning about saw no one to apologize to but Washington, who was still looking at the boat expecting the cat to make his appearance. After a moment's pause he asked if it was he who requested him not to tramp on his feet.

"Why, certainly not," said Washington.

"Well, I'll tell you something terrible is going to happen," said Rice.

At that moment the screams of a dozen cats seemed

to rise from under their feet, which caused them both to rush for their very lives on to the boat.

The bell on the boat was closing its last peal, the whistle notified all hands to be ready, and in a few moments the boat was in the stream headed for New York.

Steward Rice it was noticed did not while in the dining hall that night exhibit his usual anxiety and pleasure, and Steward Washington, who was seated behind Cashier Thomas Rogers' desk seemed to share in the discomfiture of Rice. When Rogers was asked by Captain Simonds if the stewards had not met with some great sorrow, he was unable to answer.

"Why," said the captain, "they both act as if they had seen a graveyard full of ghosts playing cribbage on a lot of second hand gravestones."

"Well," said Rogers, "this must be inquired into."

At breakfast the next morning the stewards were going about in a sort of a mechanical way, occasionally meeting each other, and nodding and winking in a mysterious manner.

The captain being well acquainted with Anderson, the ventriloquist, and learning from him the tricks he played upon the two stewards, Rice and Washington were called, and when the captain explained to them who the joker was, both Rice and Washington roared lustily over the matter and claimed they both understood the whole thing was a joke from the start, nothing else.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRIP TO TROY AND OTHER TOWNS—BLOBSON AND FLICK, WHILE IN THE ADIRONDACKS, GO OUT TO TRAP BEAR AND SCALP INDIANS, BUT THEY HAVE THE MISERY OF BEING TRAPPED AND NEARLY SCALPED —CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

THE dramatic season of the company was drawing to a close, the management intending to disband after giving one more performance in Troy. As the theatre there was to close in a few weeks, no time was to be lost in getting there. On Sunday night the company embarked on the steamer *Troy* of The Citizen's Line, and had every attention shown them by the Captain and officers, and arrived in Troy in due season. The week's business there was something immense, and so pleased was the manager, he concluded to give the company an excursion up to the Adirondack mountains and close the season. Knowing, as he did, the managers of the Raymond and Whitcomb Excursion System, he arranged in advance with them to take his company from Troy to Niagara Falls over the West Shore Railroad, thence to Buffalo and back to Troy, over the N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad, and

by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, stopping at Westport, N. Y.

The next day being Monday the company went to Albany, and there met the excursion train of Raymond and Whitcomb. The two extra coaches in which the company were to travel made up a train of eight of the finest cars ever turned out of a factory. Every want was provided for from the time of starting at Albany till reaching Westport. No better service could be found in any of the leading hotels than that provided for the excursionists, some eighty or more in number. After going to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Utica, Syracuse, Troy, then Saratoga, Whitehall, and last Westport, the company stopped there to go through the mountains, while the Raymond and Whitcomb party continued over the Delaware and Hudson Railroad to Montreal where they were to remain for two days and then return. The Gibbs House selected in Westport was comfortable and clean, and being near Lake Champlain, a fine view could be had of it.

Westport, by the way, is one of the handsomest spots on Lake Champlain, and from the Holt Cedars, a short distance south of what was known as the Richards House, (now the Gibbs) and the Westport Inn, the Lake, can be seen in all its beauty, with the Green Mountains of Vermont in the foreground, and the Adirondack mountains filling in the background. The view is a magnificent one, and will well repay a visit.

The leading members of the company intended to test the valor of Flick when they reached this region, if such a thing was possible. "Yes," said Flick after supper was over that night, "I propose we take teams in the morning and go out in the mountains and hunt Indians and bear. The landlord tells me the woods are full of

both. Now what say you to this proposition?" The members all agreed. Although the mountains are very close to Westport, and bears are found in them at times, an Indian has not been seen there for many, many years. Two conveyances were at the hotel door the next morning to convey the company into the mountains. After a three hours' ride they reached a very mountainous district. Flick and Blobson were scouring a portion of the mountain alone; both had old army muskets, too old for any use, but the best the landlord could furnish. The rest of the company were unarmed, but each one carried a small bundle which Flick understood contained their luncheons. Blobson had a basket suspended from his neck by a string in which was deposited a lunch for each. Becoming tired and hungry they sat down, not unobserved by the other members who were in a position to see and not be seen. Just as Blobson and Flick had prepared everything to commence their lunch, a young bear, scenting the food, crept out of a rock near by and sat upon his haunches. He was not over six months old, and no more dangerous than a dog would be at that age. Had the animal been as large as a mountain, it could not have driven the courage of Flick and Blobson into the toes of their shoes any quicker. At the first sight they got of the little fellow, both became speechless and almost paralyzed.

The exertion and heat of the day caused them before sitting down to throw off their coats and vests. The little bear seeing Blobson and Flick so quiet made bold to advance towards the food spread out on the napkins, and in so doing brought the two bear and Indian killers to a realization of the danger surrounding them.

Away they fled, climbing the tree nearest them, while the innocent and playful young cub, from sheer fright

at the sudden movement of our two heroes, scampered off as fast as his four little legs could carry him.

No sooner had they become safely lodged in the tree than they found to their horror a number of Indians in costume, with faces painted in the most fierce and warlike manner, approaching the very spot they were in. No sooner had they arrived than they commenced a war dance with terrific yells.

Flick and Blobson felt that their hour had come and their days were numbered, but a few moments more and they would be discovered, called or dragged down from their place of concealment, scalped, shot, and their bodies left for bears to feed upon. But such was not the case. They picked up the food, guns and clothing left by the two valorous heroes in the tree, and disappeared as quietly as they came. After waiting about an hour and the Indians not appearing, they came down from their hiding place, and by the aid of a farmer's team were brought back to Westport.

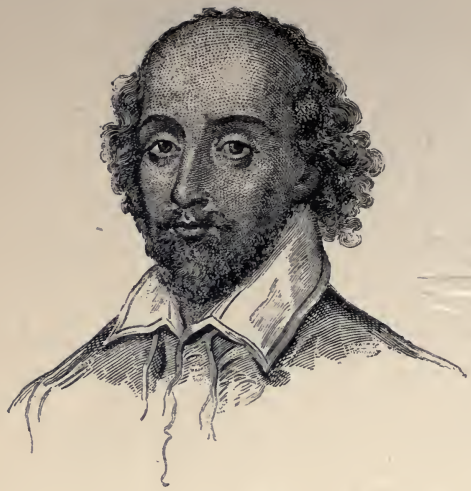
After their arrival at the hotel Flick had an awful story to tell of the prowess they exhibited in their engagement in bloody warfare with a whole tribe of Indians and a large number of man-eating grizzly bears.

It was true the escaping Indians had robbed them of all their goods, chattels and guns, but they retained their lives and their honor.

Flick was then invited by some of the members into an adjoining room, and there beheld his clothes and gun as well as those of Blobson. After being informed that the warlike Indians he had met in deadly combat were none others than members of his company, he waited to hear no more.

In the morning it was found he took the train South.

The next day the balance of the company left by the D. and H. Railroad for New York, where they arrived in safety by the New York Central and H. R. R. R., and will no doubt remain there till the opening of the fall season.



William Shakspeare

SHELLEY'S

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

BY

MORTIMER M. SHELLEY.

1750 TO 1891

THE claim made by some of the dramatic historians that as Lewis Hallam and his company of actors arrived at Williamsburg, Virginia, from England, in June, 1752, he should have the credit of being the first manager of a dramatic company appearing in this country. If this claim is admitted what then becomes of the claim made in favor of David Douglass, who was manager of the Nassau Street Theatre, New York, as early as 1750, two years prior to the opening in Williamsburg, Virginia, of Hallam's party? Douglass, no doubt, did not depend on the vessel which brought Hallam and company over, but, like the Irishman, when asked how his race escaped the Flood, not being registered in Noah's Ark, "Aisy enough," said he. "We had a boat of our own."

The performance given by Douglass on March the 5th, 1750, at the Nassau Street Theatre, as it was then called, was:

RICHARD III.

Gloster.....DAVID DOUGLASS

Other characters by the company.

A further proof that there were other players here prior to Hallam's advent in 1752, is that after Douglass's retirement from the Nassau Street Theatre, Messrs. Murray & Kean became lessees and managers of the house and opened it on January 7th, 1751. The plays for the opening were: "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," and "The Devil to Pay;" with Mr. Tremaine, Mr. Thomas Kean (one of the managers), Mr. Woodham, Mr. Jago, Mr. Scott, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Smith, Mr. Moore, Mr. Marks, Master Murray, Mrs. Murray, Miss Osborne, Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Davis. In August of the same year, Murray & Kean having thrown up the lease, it was taken by one Robert Upton and opened under his management on December 23d, 1751, remaining in possession till March 2, 1752.

Not one member of the Hallam Company is mentioned in that of Murray & Kean, which proves (all statements to the contrary) that there were other managers and actors in the country prior to the landing of Hallam. The Robert Upton mentioned here was sent from London by William Hallam, brother of Lewis, with sufficient means to open in New York in 1751, that is to make all preparations necessary for an opening, and William Hallam would send over a company to Upton when everything was in readiness. Upton, being a dishonorable man, squandered the means of his employer while here and then fled to Europe. Hallam, learning of this, determined on carrying out his American scheme, and sent out a full company under his brother Lewis, in a vessel called the *Lively Sally*, and landed, as already stated, at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1752. The plays given by Hallam's Company at the first performance in this country were as follows:

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., SEPT. 5th, 1752.

OPENING NIGHT.

[The Original Bill.]

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Bassanio.....MR. RIGBY
Antonio.....MR. CLARKSON
Gratiano.....MR. SINGLETON
Salanio and Duke.....MR. HERBERT
Launcelot and Tubal.....LEWIS HALLAM
Shylock.....MR. MALONE
Servant.....LEWIS HALLAM, JR. (then a boy)
Portia.....MRS. LEWIS HALLAM
Jessica.....MISS HALLAM
Nerissa.....MISS PALMER

To be followed by the Farce of

LETHE,

In which the Principal Members will appear.

Dunlap, in his history of the stage, entirely ignores Douglass and other managers who were in New York in 1750, for the evident benefit of Hallam. Why, it is not easy to answer. The first we hear of Douglass by Dunlap is when Douglass built his theatre at Cruger's Wharf in 1758. Nothing is said about him as manager of the Nassau Street Theatre in 1750, nor of Martin and Kean as managers of the same house in 1751, nor of Upton's management there in 1751-52. Dunlap makes no mention whatever as to who managed the Beekman Street Theatre in 1761, nor the John Street Theatre in 1767; and yet it was, and is, well known to nearly every writer that David Douglass was the first manager having sole control of each house. "Even Ireland, in his history of the stage," says Dunlap, "assumes erroneous-

ly that Hallam was the first manager in this country and that no other players preceded him."

Ireland admits the Nassau Street Theatre being opened and in use by a theatrical company, the opening piece being Richard III., on March 5, 1750; but, strange to say, was unable to, or would not, give the name of the manager or who were the players engaged at the time. In another portion of his excellent work, speaking of the Nassau Street Theatre, he shows conclusively that in 1751 Murray and Kean were managers of the house and that in December of the same year, one Robert Upton, previously spoken of, became its manager, and in 1753 Hallam and company appeared there.

F. C. Wemyss, in his very interesting "History of the Stage, from 1752 to 1852," copies from the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, September, 1852, an article showing the existence of a company playing in that city in the latter part of 1749. It is further shown by the records of the Police books of Philadelphia, January, 1749, the *Recorder* acquainted the Board "That certain persons had taken upon themselves the responsibility of opening a playhouse and performing plays therein without the consent of the lawful authorities, and they must be prohibited from continuing the same." The statement closes with this same company (no names of manager or members being given) leaving by a sailing vessel for New York and after their arrival, opening in a wooden building in Nassau Street, called the Nassau Street Theatre, on the fifth of March, 1750; which again confirms the statement made by us on the first and second pages of this work.

In the latter part of 1750, David Douglass and his company left New York for Williamsburg, Va., opening there in 1750. Dunlap, the historian, in his "History of the American Stage," denies the fact and says the first

theatre was built at Annapolis in 1752 (ignoring the Nassau Street Theatre and the Williamburg Theatre). Dunlap further says: "This was the first regular theatre in this country," not knowing of the second one in Williamsburg, Va., in 1750, built by David Douglass (or, at least, under his supervision while building) and afterwards altered by Hallam in 1752.

In justice to William Dunlap, Colley Cibber received a letter from him, in 1835, wherein he acknowledges his error and admits the justice of the same being corrected, but his death shortly afterwards gave him no opportunity of making the correction in his own History of the Stage.

In 1753, September 17, Lewis Hallam and Company came to New York and opened at the Nassau Street Theatre with the following bill :

NASSAU STREET THEATRE.

Opening night Sept. 17, 1753.

[The Original Bill.]

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Young Bevil.....Mr. Rigby
Mr. Sealand.....Mr. Malone
Sir John Bevil.....Mr. Bell
Myrtle.....Mr. Clarkson
Cumberton.....Mr. Miller
Humphrey.....Mr. Adcock
Daniel.....Master Hallam
Tom.....Mr. Singleton
Phillis.....Mrs. Becceley
Mrs. Sealand.....Mrs. Clarkson
Lucinda.....Miss Hallam
Isabella.....Mrs. Rigby
Indiana.....Mrs. Hallam

[Continued on next page.]

To Conclude with the Farce of

DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

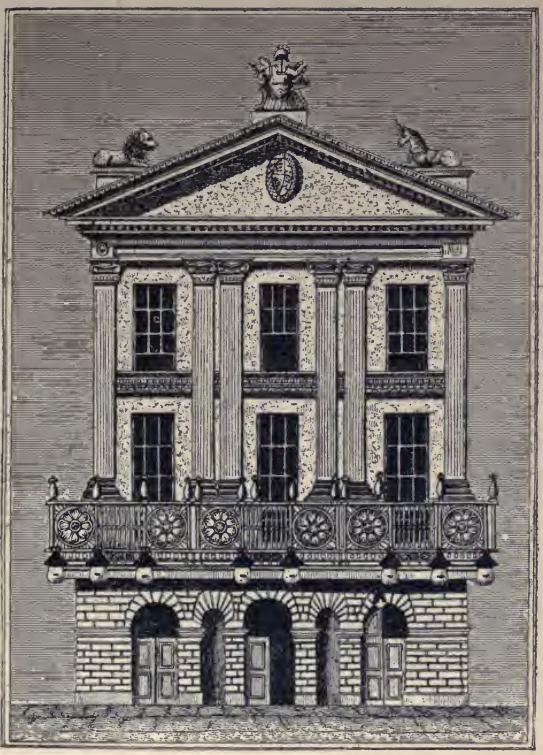
Arcas.....Mr. Bell
Ogon.....Mr. Rigby
Korydon.....Mr. Clarkson
Cymon.....Mr. Miller
Damon.....Mr. Adcock
Phillida.....Mrs. Becceley

Prices—Box, 8s.; Pit, 6s.; Gallery, 3s. No person whatever to be admitted behind the scenes.

N. B. Gentlemen and Ladies that choose Tickets before night may have them at the new Printing-office in Beaver Street, corner Broad.

Performance to begin at Six o'clock.

Referring again to the Nassau Street Theatre, in which the first performance was given in New York, it was located on lots 64 and 66 Nassau Street, near Maiden Lane, on the east side of the street. The play of "Richard III" was the first presented, the date being March the 5th, 1750. George II was then the sovereign of Great Britain, and Admiral George Clinton was Governor of the Province of New York. The population of the city at that period was 7,055 inhabitants. The next theatre was on Cruger's Wharf, now Old Slip, in 1758. David Douglass was the manager and owner of the building. The opening play presented was "Jane Shore," with Mrs. Douglass (formerly Mrs. Lewis Hallam) in the title role, this was on December 28, 1758. The next theatre was in Chapel Street (now Beekman Street), No. 26, a few doors east of Nassau Street. David Douglass was also the manager and



DRURY LANE THEATRE.

IN GARRICK'S TIME

builder, and opened it on Thursday, November 19th, 1761, with the "Fair Penitent." The prices of admission were: Boxes, $2.00; pit, $1.25; gallery, 75 cents. As it may be of interest to many, the following is given as the original bill:

Thursday, November 26, 1761, will be presented

[The Original Bill.]

HAMLET,

With the Following Cast:

Hamlet.....Mr. Hallam
King.....Mr. Douglass
Horatio.....Mr. Read
Ghost.....Mr. Quelch
Polonius.....Mr. Morris
Laertes.....Mr. Allyn
Marcellus.....Mr. A. Hallam
Guildenstern.....Mr. Stuart
Lucianos.....Mr. Tomlinson
Francisco.....Mr. Tremain
First Grave Digger.....Mr. Quelch
Queen Gertrude.....Mrs. Douglass
Ophelia.....Mrs. Morris
Player Queen.....Mrs. Hallam

This theatre remained open only five months, closing permanently by a mob in May, 1762.

In 1767, April 14th, David Douglass assumed the management of the John Street Theatre, situated at 15 John Street, with the same prices of admission which ruled at the Chapel Street Theatre. The opening performance was given December 7, 1767, with the play of

[The Original Bill.]

THE BELLE'S STRATEGEM.

Archer.....Mr. Hallam
Aimwell .....Mr. Henry
Freeman.....Mr. Malone
Sullen.....Mr. Tomlinson
Foigard.....Mr. Allyn
Gibbet.... .....Mr. Wooles
Boniface.....Mr. Douglass
Lady Bountiful.....Mrs. Harman
Mrs. Sullen.....Miss Cheer
Dorinda..... ....Miss Hallam
Cherry.....Miss Wainwright
Gipsy..... .....Mrs. Wall

Closing with the Farce of

LETHE.

In 1785, August 24, Lewis Hallam, Jr., took the above house and kept it open till November, when he entered into a partnership with a Mr. John Henry, and played there for some time. The building was torn down in 1797. The Park Theatre, Park Row, occupied the site opposite the New York Post Office, Numbers 25 to 31 Park Row. It had a frontage of 80 feet on Park Row and a depth of 165 feet, and would seat 2,700 people.

It opened first under the management of John Hodgkinson and Willam Dunlap, January 29, 1798, and cost to build $130,000.

The first performance given was Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Cast as follows:

[The Original Bill.]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Jacques.....Mr. Hodgkinson
Touchstone..... Mr. Hallam
Orlando..... .....Mr. Martin
Amiens.... .....Mr. Tyler
Sir Oliver.....Mr. Fawcett
Oliver.....Mr. Johnson
Frederick.....Mr. Prigmore
Le Beau.....Mr. Hogg
Corin.....Mr. Lee
William.....Mr. Hallam, Jr.
Rosalind.....Mrs. Johnson
Celia.... .....Miss Broadhurst
Phoebe.....Mrs. Collins
Audrey..... .....Miss Brett

Johnson and Tyler managed the house in 1805.

Manager Cooper had the house from 1807 to 1808. In 1809 Messrs. Cooper and Price took the management and retained it up to 1811 and Mr. Stephen Price held control until 1818. In 1821, October 5, Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, appeared here, his first opening in New York, as "Richard III," following this with "Brutus," "Lear," "Hamlet" and "Othello."

Messrs. Price and Simpson opened the Park Theatre in 1823. It burned down in 1848, under the management of Thomas S. Hamblin, and was not rebuilt. The play the night of the fire was "King John" with Mr. Hamblin and his wife, Mrs. Shaw, in the leading roles.

In 1829 Mr. Edwin Forrest appeared at the Park in the play of "Metamora."

On September 1st, 1830, Mr. Charles Kean appeared at the Park as "Richard III."

[The Original Bill.]

RICHARD III.

Richard.....Mr. Charles Kean
Henry VI.....Mr. Foot
Richmond.....Edmund Simpson
Buckingham.....Mr. Woodhull
Norfolk.....Mr. Nexsen
Catesby.....Thomas Placide
Tressell.....Peter Richings
Lord Stanley.....Mr. Blakely
Lord Mayor.....Mr. W. Wheatley
Prince of Wales.....Miss Wheatley
Duke of York.....Miss E. Wheatley
Queen Elizabeth.....Mrs. Barnes
Lady Anne.....Mrs. W. R. Blake
Duchess of York.....Mrs. W. Wheatley

Mr. Kean's last appearance in New York was at Wallack's Old Theatre, Broadway, near Broome street.

On August 28th, 1833, Tyrone Power opened at the Park Theatre in the

IRISH AMBASSADOR.

Sir Patrick O'Plenipo.....Mr. Tyrone E. Power
Grand Duke.....Mr. Peter Richings
Prince Rudolph.....Mr. Edmund Simpson
Count Morinos.....Thomas Placide
Lowincroft.....Henry Placide
Lady Emily.....Mrs. H. Wallack
Lady Isabel.....Mrs. Harrison

In 1841 Mr. Power, while *en route* to Europe, was drowned by the foundering of the ship *President.*

Mr. POWER as MURTOCH DELANY.

On the 6th of May, 1839, Joseph Proctor (the creator of "Nick of the Woods," born in Massachusetts in 1820), made his appearance at the Bowery Theatre under Thomas Hamblin, in "Nick of the Woods." This play was presented at this theatre for the first time by Mr. Proctor, and the success was so great at this house he continued afterwards to play this and no other for 45 years or more.

NICK OF THE WOODS.

Nathan.....Mr. J. Proctor
Bruce.....J. B. Rice
Forrester.....Mr. Banister
Roaring Ralph.....Mr. Holland
Abel Doe.....J. H. Hall
Edith Forrester.....Mrs. J. Proctor
Telie Doe.....Mrs. Hamblin

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC, 444 BROADWAY.

William Mitchell, Manager.

OPENING NIGHT

[Original Bill.]

December 9th, 1839.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Gibbs.....Mr. W. Mitchell
Stubbs.....Mr. Browne
Wiggins.....Mr. Horncastle
Scrubbs.....Mr. Russell
Barbara.....Mrs. Plumer
Mary.....Mrs. Bailey
Lucinda.....Miss Randolph

[See next page for the closing play.]

[Continued from page 11.]

SAVAGE AND THE MAIDEN.

Crummels.....Mr. Mitchell
Nickleby.....Mr. Horncastle
Folair.....Mr. Russell
Leuville.....Mr. S. Johnson
Smike.....Miss Singleton
Mrs. Crummels.....Mrs. Plumer
Mrs. Grudden.....Mrs. Jones
Miss Snevellici.....Mrs. Benson
Ninetta.....La Petite Celeste

BROADWAY THEATRE,

Broadway, near Worth Street, New York.

Proprietor, . . . Alvah Mann
Acting Manager, . . George H. Barrett

OPENING NIGHT, SEPT. 27, 1847.

[Original Bill of Opening.]

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter.....Mr. H. Wallack
Surface.....Mr. Vache
Joseph Surface.....Mr. Lynne
Charles Surface.....George Barrett
Sir Benjamin.....Mr. Dawson
Crabtree.....C. W. Hunt
Careless.....Henry Hunt
Sir Harry.....Mr. Dennison
Rowley.....Mr. Everhard

[See balance of this cast on page 13.]

[See balance of cast on page 12.]

Snake.....Mr. Kingsley
Moses.....George Chapman
Trip.....E. Shaw
Lady Teazle.....Miss Rose Telbin
Lady Sneerwell.....Miss Fanny Gordon
Mrs. Candour.....Mrs. Winstanley
Maria.....Miss Sargeant

To conclude with

USED UP.

Mr. Lester [afterwards Lester Wallack] will make his first appearance in America as Sir Charles Coldstream.

PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE,

51, 53, 55 Chambers Street, New York.

Opening of this New House to-night, for the first time.

[The Original Bill]

February 3d, 1844.

THE OPERA OF PURITANI.

CAST AS FOLLOWS:

Lord Walter Walton.....Sig. Mayer
Lord Talbot.....Sig. Perozzi
Sir George.....Sig. Valtillina
Sir Richard.....Signora Majocchi
Elvira.....Signora Borghese
Henrietta.....Signora Albertazzi

Signor Palmo.....Proprietor
Signor Rappetti.....Conductor
General Director.....Signor Valtellini

THE BOWERY THEATRE.

CHAS. GILFERT, ... Manager

[Original Bill.]

OPENING NIGHT, OCTOBER 23d, 1826.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Gold Finch.....MR. GEORGE BARRETT
Old Dornton.....MR. YOUNG
Harry Dornton.....MR. DUFF
Milford.....MR. BERNARD
Silky.....MR. FAULKNER
Sulky.....MR. STONE
Smith.....MR. LOGAN
Jacob.....MR. HYATT
Widow Warren.....MRS. BARRETT
Sophia.....MRS. G. BRAZIER
Jenny.....MISS BRAZIER
Mrs. Ledger.....MRS. ROBERTS

This was the first performance in this house.

Very truly,
Edwin Forrest.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

E. A. MARSHALL, . . . Manager

THIS EVENING, MAY 10, 1849,

MR. EDWIN FORREST

IN

MACBETH.

Macbeth.....MR. EDWIN FORREST
Macduff.....MR. F. B. CONWAY
Banquo.....CHARLES POPE
Lady Macbeth.....MME. PONISI
Duncan.....MR. DUFF
Malcom.....DOLLY DAVENPORT
Hecate.....MR. GROSVENOR
First Witch.....MR. W. DAVIDGE
Second Witch.....MR. WHITING
Third Witch.....MR. BARRY

This was the night of the Astor Place riot, being the culmination of a serious misunderstanding between Forrest and Macready, which had been nursed by them for several years.

ASTOR PLACE OPERA HOUSE.

MESSRS. NIBLO AND HACKETT, . . . Managers

MAY 10TH, 1849.

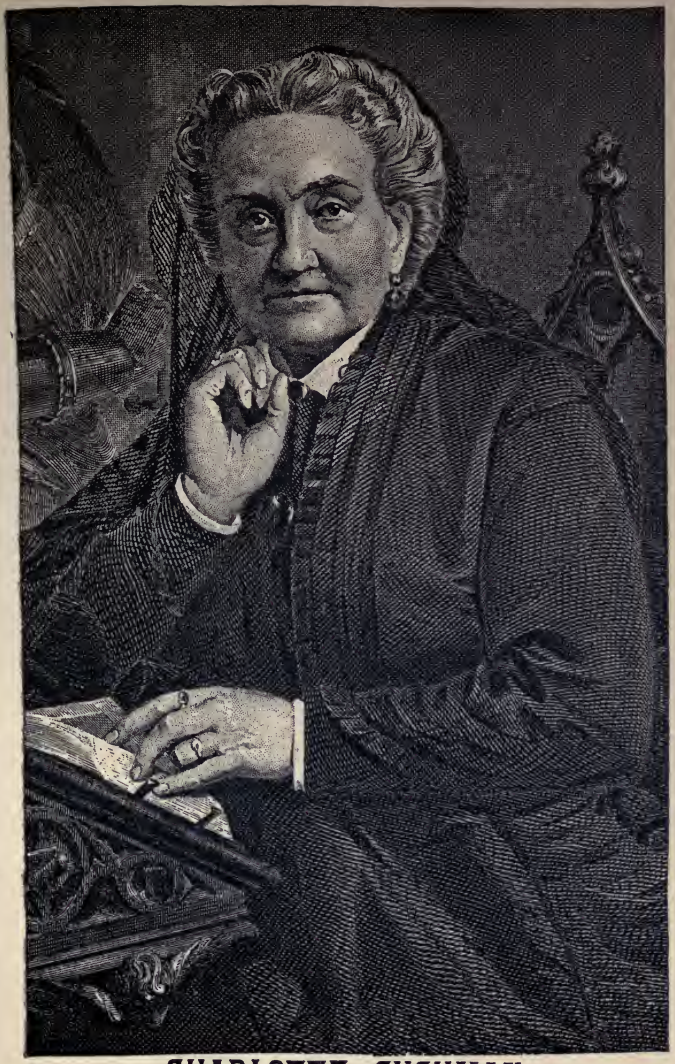
MR. WILLIAM MACREADY

IN

MACBETH.

Macbeth .....MR. MACREADY
Duncan .....MR. WEMYSS
Malcolm .....MR. ARNOLD
Banquo .....BRADSHAW
Lady Macbeth .....MRS. COLEMAN POPE
Macduff .....C. W. CLARKE
Hecate .....A. ANDREWS
First Witch .....F. CHIPPENDALE
Second Witch .....JOHN SEFTON
Third Witch .....M. BRIDGES

On the above night the Macready and Forrest or Astor Place riot occurred, when twenty-two innocent persons were killed, and some thirty-six were badly wounded.



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

As a matter of interest the following cast is given as

THE ORIGINAL CAST OF THIS PLAY:

PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

NOVEMBER 15, 1829.

METAMORA.

Metamora (First time) ..... EDWIN FORREST
Lord Fitzarnold ..... MR. PETER RICHINGS
Arthur Vaughn ..... HARRY CHAPMAN
Guy ..... MR. WOODHULL
Horatio ..... MR. BARRY
Errington ..... MR. LANGTON
Church ..... MR. THOMAS PLACIDE
Wolfe ..... MR. NIXEM
Tramp ..... MR. POVEY
Holyoke ..... MR. WHEATLEY
Kanshene ..... MR. BLAKELY
Child ..... MISS PARKER
Oceana ..... MISS HILSON
Nahmeokee ..... MRS. SHARPE

This piece was written by Mr. Stone for Mr. Forrest, who paid the author $500.00 for his work.

As it may be of interest to our readers to know what pieces were played at the old John Street Theatre in New York during the years 1767–8–9, under the management of David Douglass, the following list is submitted: "The Lying Valet," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Miss in Her Teens," "All the World's a Stage," "Busy Body," "Village Lawyer," "Clandestine Marriage," "Katherine and Petruchio," "Child of Nature," "George Barnwell," "Three Weeks After Marriage," "Inkle and Yarico," "No Song, No Supper," "Jane Shore," and many others of the same character.

In 1809 John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," played "Norval" at the Park Theatre, New York. In 1813 he also appeared at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, as "Hamlet." On his return to New York in 1832 he played at the Park Theatre again for his own benefit and the receipts reached the handsome sum of $4,300. The admissions were $1 and $5. He was in 1841 appointed Consul to Tunis and died there in 1852, being 59 years of age.

[Original Bill.]

FRANKLIN THEATRE,

221 AND 223 CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Manager, ... WM. DINNEFORD
AARON PHILLIPS, . . . Stage Manager

OPENING NIGHT SEPTEMBER 7, 1835.

SCHOOL OF REFORM.

Tyke..... .....MR. WILLIAM SEFTON
Lord Avondale.....CHARLES WEBB
Gen'l Tarragon.....A. PHILLIPS
Ferment.....MR. THAYER
Fredrick.....MR. LEWELLEN
Timothy..... ....MR. J. STICKNEY
Old Tyke..... .....MR. MADDEN
Mrs. Ferment.....MRS. W. RUFUS BLAKE
Mrs. St. Clair.....MRB. STICKNEY
Julia.....MISS AMELIA VERITY
Mrs Nicely..... ...MRS. STEVENSON

Other members were John Sefton, Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Kent, William Burke, Jefferson, father of Joseph, and others.

As a matter of interest we give the names of managers from 1750 up to the present time.

During the early period of the drama in this country the public were dependent on England for talent.

David Douglass and company were the first in this country, arriving in the winter of 1749 and opening the Nassau Street Theatre in 1750.

Murray and Kean with their company were the second in this country, opening at the Nassau Street Theatre in 1751.

Robert Upton's company played at the Nassau Street Theatre in 1751–2, being the third manager in this country.

Lewis Hallam and company arrived in this country in 1752, and played in Williamsburg, Va., the same year.

The fifth company came under the management of Mr. Wignell, in 1793. Their names were Messrs. Fennell, Chalmers, Moreton, Marshall, Harewood, Green, Bates, Whitlock, Darley, Blissett, Warrell, Mesdames. Oldmixion, Francis, Marshall, Warrell, and the Misses Williams and Oldfield.

The sixth company from England went to Boston, in 1794, with Mr. C. Powell, who, with his wife, Mr. Baker, wife and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Collins, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jones, Bartlett, Kenny, S. Powell, Nelson, Mrs. Abbott and Miss Amelia Harrison, made an excellent combination.

Messrs. Hallam and Hodgkinson in 1795 were the cause of the seventh company coming to this country, which, although not great in numbers, possessed much talent, and were as follows: Messrs. Johnson, Tyler and Jefferson, Sr., Mesdames Johnson and Tyler, and Mrs. Brett and daughter.

Manager Wignell—believing in new attractions—was

the next to bring out new faces, and in 1796 engaged for his theatre, in Philadelphia, Messrs. Cooper, Bernard L'Estrange, Warren, Hardinge, Byrne, Fox, Mrs. L'Estrange, Mrs. Merry, Mrs. Byrne and Mrs. Hardinge.

J. Dickinson, of the old Federal Street Theatre, Boston, was induced by the citizens to go to England for people, and in the following year had on his salary list Mr. and Mrs. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, C. Young, H. J. Finn, Dykes, Vaughn, Caulfield, Vining, Entwistle and Miss Drake.

Cooper and Price, managers of the Park Theatre, in 1807 and 1808, strengthened their stock by the following ladies and gentlemen from London: Mr. and Mrs. Dyott, Mr. and Mrs. Skerrett, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Barries, M. S. Stanley, McFarland, Watkinson, Kilner, Spiller, Wynne, J. Thorn, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Simpson and Miss Eliza E. Ellis.

Messrs. Warren and Wood, managers of the theatres in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, induced Mr. and Mrs. H. Wallack, John Herbert, Hathwell, Wheatley, McKenzie, C. Wemyss and Mrs. Worrell to come to this country and try their fortunes.

The last company that came here from England, under engagement, was in 1827, through C. Wemyss, for Manager Warren. The members then engaged were Messrs. Sloman, Southwell, S. Chapman, Mercer, Hutchings, Kerr, Willis J. Thompson, Norton and Rowbotham; Mesdames Sloman, Rowbotham, Mercer and family, and the Misses Emory, Hawthorn and Kerr Since that period several artists have come from the old country, but entirely upon their own responsibility. The stage in those days seemed to have been left entirely to itself, and were it not for the enterprise and perseverance of the gentlemen whom we have spoken of, we

Comedy of Errors

would to-day be as they are in the remote rural districts.

The first star that ever appeared in this country was George Frederick Cooke, at the Park Theatre in 1810. The opening play was that of "Richard III," and the receipts for the first night were $1,820. His last appearance was at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1812. In September of that year he died in New York, and was buried in St. Paul's churchyard, corner of Broadway and Vesey Street. Edmund Kean, in 1821, while in this country, erected a monument to his memory, which is still standing and bears the following inscription:

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
OF
GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE,
BY
EDMUND KEAN,
OF THE
THEATRE ROYAL,
DRURY LANE, LONDON,
1841.
REPAIRED BY CHAS. KEAN, Jr.,
In 1846,
AND AFTERWARDS BY
E. A. SOTHERN,
In 1880.

The late T. Hamblin had the management of the Bowery Theatre in 1831. W. Ricketts was manager of

what was then known as Ricketts' Circus, in 1797. This place was in Greenwich Street, near Liberty, and was afterwards changed to a theatre. Messrs. Johnson and Tyler were managers of the Park Theatre in 1806. Messrs. Barrett and Gilfert occupied the same position at the Bowery, in 1829. James Wallack, Sr., in 1838, had the National Theatre, which was located, at that time, corner of Leonard and Church Streets. Hallam and Henry were managers of the John Street Theatre, in 1785. Mr. C. Powell was manager of the only theatre in Boston, in 1796. Ryerson and Stevens were managers of the old Chatham Theatre, in 1827. This theatre was used afterwards as a church, then as a garden, and was situated on the ground on which Crook's Old Hotel or Dining Saloon now stands. William Warren was manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1847. The late W. E. Burton was engaged at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1834. H. Caldwell was manager of a theatre at Petersburg, Virginia, in 1821. It was there Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, commenced his first engagement in this country. The opening piece was "Richard III," with Mr. Booth in the title role. Mr. B. Solee was manager of the John Street Theatre, in 1797. Mr. C. Powell had the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, in 1796; he was also manager of the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, in 1797. Mr. H. Placide was manager of the Charleston Theatre Charleston, South Carolina, in 1802. Manager Williard had the Olympic in New York, in 1838. This place was afterwards known as Mitchell's Olympic. It was here W. Hoare Bellamy made his first appearance in this country, under the management of Mr. Williard.

In 1828 Messrs. Williard & Flynn had the National Theatre, corner Church and Leonard streets. Mr.

Charles Burke made his first appearance here, in the same year, as the Prince of Wales in "Richard the Third;" he was then six years of age.

Mr. Joseph Baldwin was the first to introduce burlesque singing in the United States.

Mr. E. S. Conner was manager of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1851. Miss Georgınia Barrett made her debut here and was considered quite successful; she afterwards became the wife of Mr. P. Warren, who was then treasurer of the Broadway Theatre, New York.

Mr. Barrere, in 1824, was manager of the old Chatham Theatre, and was the first to give Mr. Rufus Blake a chance in this country, who appeared on the first night as Frederick in the "Poor Gentleman."

Messrs. Coyle & Lamb were managers of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1831, and introduced Mrs. J. B. Booth, Sr., (being her first appearance on the American stage) as Susan Ashfield in "Speed the Plough."

Mr. Sandford managed the Lafayette Theatre, New York, in 1826.

Mr. Pelby was manager of the Warren Street Theatre, Boston, in 1832.

In 1836, Maywood & Company were managers of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Mr. James H. Caldwell was proprietor and manager of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1836.

Mr. W. E. Burton, in 1849, was manager of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Messrs. Dunlap, Cooper & Price were managers of the Park Theatre, in New York, in 1810, and were the first to introduce the starring system in this country.

Manager Holman ran the Charleston Theatre, Charles-

ton, South Carolina, in 1816. It was here James H. Caldwell made his first appearance in this country, after which he opened the Columbia Theatre, in Washington, District of Columbia, and for a while it was known as Caldwell's Theatre. This was during the season of 1817, one year after his first appearance. We next hear of him in New Orleans, where, in 1820, he was manager of the St. Charles Theatre, and was successful for many years. In 1842 the theatre was consumed by fire. The following year he retired from the stage altogether.

Messrs. Williard & Flynn were managers of the Chatham Street Theatre in 1826. It was at this place Mr. N. B. Clarke made his debut; was in 1871 acting as stage manager of the Old Bowery Theatre, under Mr. W. B. Freligh.

P. T. Barnum was manager of what was then called Barnum's Museum, in 1850.

It was during Manager Gilfert's management of the Bowery Theatre, in 1827, Mademoiselle Celeste made her first appearance.

Henry Hallam managed the old South Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, in 1785.

Mr. William Duffy had the Pearl Street Theatre, in Albany, this State, in 1822, and was manager of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in conjunction with Messrs. Jones & Forrest (not Edwin), in 1830; also manager of the Eagle Theatre, Buffalo, this State, in 1835.

Mr. J. S. Jones held the management of the Tremont Street Theatre, Boston, Massachusetts, in 1841, but shortly afterward retired to private life.

Messrs. Simpson & Cowell were managers of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1827. Mrs. John Drew, who is now manageress, made her first appearance here

in this country, as the Duke of York, in "Richard the Third"; she was then seven years of age.

Messrs. Duffy & Forrest (not Edwin) managed the Albany Theatre, at Albany, in this State, in 1830.

Mr. A. W. Jackson had the Bowery Theatre in 1845; it was here John Drew made his debut as Dr. O'Toole, in the "Irish Tutor"—"shall we ever look upon his like again."

Mr. Mitchell had what was then known as Mitchell's Olympic, 444 Broadway, in 1846.

Mr. Alvah Mann was the first to open the Broadway Theatre, which he did in 1847.

F. C. Wemyss opened the Front Street Theatre, in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1840.

Mr. N. Sandford, who afterwards became Judge of one of the civil courts, was, in 1826, manager of the Lafayette Theatre.

Joshua Sillsbee was manager of the Philadelphia Museum, afterward known as Barnum's, in 1848; it was burnt down in 1851, under P. T. Barnum.

Mr. J. N. Olney, in 1838, was manager of the Kingston Theatre, West Indies.

Augustus W. Fenno, manager of the Troy, New York, Museum, in 1850.

Aaron Phillips, in 1829, had the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Mr. William Forrest, brother to Mr. Edwin Forrest, was in partnership with Jones & Duffy, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, also at Albany, New York, in the Pearl Street Theatre.

The tragedy of "Ion" was first produced at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, on the night of Mr. Macready's benefit, May 26th, 1836, and was a success.

The cast at that time included Mr. Macready, and was distributed in the following manner :

ION.

Ion.....Mr. Macready
Adrastus.....Mr. Dale
Ctesephon.....Mr. Wallack
Casander.....Mr. Howard
Agenor.....Mr. Pritchard
Timocles.....Mr. Harris
Irus.....Miss Lane
Clementhe.....Miss Ellen Tree

Mrs. Charles Kean was the "Ion," and Mr. Charles Kean the "Adrastus," at the Park, New York, in 1846.

The tragedy of "Fazio" was written about the year 1817, by Henry Hart Milman, who was born in London, Feb. 10th, 1791.

Hallam & Henry were managers of the Southwark Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1790; in the spring of the same year Mr. John Hodgkinson appeared there in the part of Belcour in the "West Indian," quite a famous play in those days.

Mr. Harper was manager of the Nassau Street Theatre, New York, in 1726, and was the first who played Falstaff in this country at the old John Street Theatre, in 1785.

Mr. C. Gilfert, who managed the Bowery Theatre in 1828, was the first to give the late George Holland a chance to display his talents in this country; over six decades have passed since then.

James Henry Hackett, the "Falstaff," of that period, was joint manager with Mr. Niblo of the Astor Place Opera House, in 1849, and it was during their management the riot which was brought about by a misunderstanding between Messrs. Forrest & Macready occurred.

In 1852, Mr. Hackett was manager of the Bowery Theatre.

Mr. B. Twaits was manager of what was then known, in 1813, as the Broadway Circus, situated on the north-east corner of Broadway and White street; it was afterwards converted into a theatre by this gentleman, who paid to Mrs. Gilfert (*nee* Holman) the sum of $200 per night, for seven nights. The management shortly afterwards gave up the place, and no wonder, if he paid all his people *pro rata*.

In 1817 Messrs. Warren & Wood had the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Messrs. Maywood & Pratt had the same theatre in 1838; when Mr. George C. Howard, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame, made his first appearance on the American stage. Mr. Howard in 1852 became manager of the Troy Museum, and produced, for the first time, the above named drama to the largest business ever played in that city.

Collins & Jones were managers of a theatre in Cincinnati, in 1821.

Frank Chanfrau was manager of the Chatham or National Theatre in Chatham street, in 1848.

Mr. Charles Porter was manager of the Old Pittsburgh Theatre, 1849. Mr. Charles Barton Hill made his first appearance on the American stage at this house, at the time stated.

The Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1831, was under the management of Coyle & Lamb; and during the season Mrs. Bradshaw, who was considered at that time one of the most beautiful women on the stage, made her first appearance in the ballet.

Mr. H. Adams was manager of the Olympic, 444 Broadway, New York, in 1839; Mrs. H. P. Grattan made her first appearance in this country at this house, and cre-

ated quite an impression. The manager being of a speculative turn of mind gave up the drama, started for the great Salt Lake City, and became a Mormon preacher.

Messrs. Carr & Warren had the principal theatre in Buffalo, in 1850.

Messrs. Simpson & Cowell were managers of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1827.

F. W. Dana was manager of the Tremont Street Theatre, Boston, Massachusetts, in 1828; Mr. John G. Gilbert made his first appearance here, it being his native city; his opening piece was "Venice Preserved," in which he appeared as Jaffier; during Mr. T. Hamblin's management of the Park Theatre, New York, in 1848, he was playing there; the engagement was of short duration, as the theatre was burned down the same year.

Manager Meech had the Albany Museum in 1848; it was here the late Charles Salisbury graduated, and as a practical joker his equal could not be found, either in his day or the present; who has not heard of the trick he played on Mr. Forrest while standing over his prostrate body, or his remark while arm in arm with managers Carr and Warren? or—well, we might fill a book with the anecdotes of this joker, had we the time; but, like many other prominent members, he has left this world of care and sorrow for, we trust, a happier one.

Mr. Charles Thorne, Sr., managed the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, in 1849; Miss Alice Gray, who afterwards became quite a prominent actress, made her first appearance here.

Mr. John Green was manager of the Nashville Theatre, Nashville, Tennessee, in 1852; was at one time engaged in Philadelphia.

Mr. H. P. Grattan was manager of the old Greenwich Street Theatre, in New York, in 1843; afterwards man-

JENNY LIND as she appeared in 1851.

aged the Nashville Theatre in 1852; he was a very good actor in his day, and previous to going on the stage contributed articles to many newspapers.

Mr. Lewis Hallam, who came here in 1752, and opened in Williamsburg, Virginia, died at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1756.

Mr. Joseph G. Holman was the first manager in Charleston, South Carolina; he died at Far Rockaway, L. I., in 1817; he was the second star in this country, Mr. George Frederick Cook being the first.

Before proceeding further with the drama in New York, we will give a list of the theatres first built.

The Nassau Street Theatre was the first built in New York in 1749-50.

The second was built on Cruger's Wharf, between Old Slip and Coffee House Slip, in 1758.

The third was at 26 Beekman Street, near Nassau, erected in 1761.

The fourth place for dramatic performances was at 15 John Street, near Broadway.

The fifth theatre, and the only one up to that time deserving the name, was the Park Theatre, now opposite the General Post Office, which opened in 1798, under the management of Dunlap and Hodginson, with "As You Like It." Was consumed by fire in 1820, and ruined to a great extent its managers. In 1822 it was rebuilt and opened by Price & Simpson, and again in 1848 the fire fiend visited it, and nothing but a mass of blackened ruins was left to mark the spot on which it stood. Stores now occupy the ground, and everything seems changed since then. Its location in Park Row, near Ann Street, at the time was considered well up town.

The sixth theatre was called the Mount Vernon Gardens, on west side of Broadway, a few doors north of

Leonard Street, and built by Joseph Corre, July 9, 1800.

The seventh Theatre was the Anthony Street Theatre, (now called Worth Street,) erected in 1815. It was here Edmund Kean, the English tragedian, made his first appearance in America, and, sad to relate, was treated by the public in a shameful manner.

The eighth theatre was the Chatham Garden, on Chatham Street, on the site of Crook's Hotel, built in 1824.

The ninth theatre built was called the Lafayette Theatre, after the general of that name. It was situated in Canal Street and South Fifth Avenue, north-east sid , and was destroyed by fire in 1829.

The tenth theatre was the old Bowery, built in 1826, and opened by Gilfert; burnt down in 1836, 1838 and 1845.

The eleventh was the Richmond Hill Theatre, in Varick Street, corner Charlton. Was pulled down in 1849.

The twelfth theatre was built corner of Leonard and Church Streets. Was burned down while under the management of James Wallack in 1839; was rebuilt in 1840, and leased by W. E. Burton, whose term was shortened to one year in consequence of the place having for the second time come to grief through fire and water.

The thirteenth was the Olympic, 444 Broadway, in 1827.

The fourteenth was the old Franklin, 221 and 223 Chatham Street, in 1835.

The fifteenth was the old Chatham Theatre, or National Theatre, built in 1839, corner of Roosevelt Street.

The Chatham Street Theatre was opened by Flynn & Williard, September 11, 1839, for the purpose of dividing the patronage of amusement seekers with the Olympic Theatre, Niblo's, the National, and the Bowery.

The company comprised Messrs. J. R. Scott, Barnes,

Harrison, Stevens, Jones; Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Flynn, and Mrs. Jones.

Mr. C. R. Thorne, Jr., succeeded to the management in March, 1840, and during his first season played Blake, Yankee Hill, Harry Wallack, the elder Booth, and Mme. Celeste. He also played Forrest, Henry Placide, Adelaide Phillips, Brougham, Silsbee, and Vandenhoff.

Mr. Thorne was succeeded in the management by Mr. W. S. Duverna in 1843. He presented Burton as a star, in a round of comedy, commencing with "Money," Mr. B. playing "Graves," Mr. Hield being the "Alfred."

The company comprised Messrs. George Jamieson, Barney Williams, J. M. Scott, Mrs. Greene, and Mrs. Jones.

Attached to this theatre were the Virginia Minstrels, consisting of Barney Williams, Whitlock, T. G. Booth, and H. Mestayer, who gave a characteristic incidental entertainment which was much enjoyed. Mr. Williams made a specialty of his delineations of Ethiopian eccentricities; he first essayed Irish characters at the benefit of the Virginia Minstrels, playing "O'Smirk" in "Dumb Belle."

Mr. Chanfrau first came into notice here, playing "Laertes" to Mr. J. Wallack, Jr.'s "Hamlet," in 1844. [He did not make his hit at Mitchell's Olympic Theatre as "Mose" till 1848.]

In 1845, Mr. Ben. De Bar joined Duverna in the management, assuming charge of the stage, but only remained with him one season; the principal production of which was "Rookwood," with H. A. Perry.

In 1846, J. H. Roberts and the Denin Sisters were introduced.

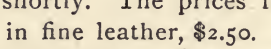
In 1847, Miss Fanny Herring, then 15 years old, appeared. During this season, Manager Duverna fell

from a private box during a rehearsal, and subsequently died from his injuries. Mr. Fletcher was his successor in the management. Chanfrau and Lester Wallack were his principal engagements.

Mr. Chanfrau assumed the management in 1849, and changed the name to that of the New National Theatre. Mr. Charles Burke officiated as acting manager. J. R. Scott in tragedy; Mr. Chanfrau in his specialties, and Mrs. Charles R. Thorne, Mr. Corson W. Clark, father of Harry and William Clark, Jr., and Mr. Charles Burke were the important announcements.

In 1849 the company comprised Burke, Jefferson, and Mrs. Charles Mestayer. Mrs. Bowers appeared during the season, and on the occasion of her benefit her sister, Mrs. F. B. Conway, made her *début.*

In 1850 Mr. Chanfrau resigned the management to his acting-manager, A. H. Purdy, who continued in power eight years. The principal engagements during his first season were W. Marshall, Barney Williams, Jefferson, Chanfrau, and H. A. Perry.



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH as OTHELLO.

Directory of the Stage.

Anderson, Mary, (Dramatic Star) born in Sacramento, Cal....1859
Abbott, Emma, (Lyric Star) born in Chicago, Ills 1849
Albani, Emma, (Lyric Star) born in Canada.....1850
Albaugh, John W., (Manager) Baltimore.....1838
Aldrich, Louis, (Manager and Star) Ohio.....1843
Arditi, Luigi, (Musician) Piedmont, Italy.....1823
Atherton, Alice, (Stock) Cincinnati, Ohio 1854
Bangs, Frank C., (Stock) Alexandria, Va.....1836
Barnum, P T , (Manager) Danbury, Ct.....1810
Bateman, Kate, (Star) Baltimore, Md 1842
Barrett, Lawrence, (Star) Paterson, N. J.....1838
Bernhart, Sara, (Star) Paris 1840
Boniface, George C., (Stock Star) England.....1831
Booth, Mrs. Junius Brutus, Sen., England.....1805
Booth, Agnes, (Stock Star) Australia.....1843
Booth, Edwin, (Star) Belair, Md. 1833
Boucicault, Dion. (Star and Author) Dublin, Ireland..... 1822
Bowers, Mrs. D. P , (Star) Stamford, Ct 1830
Brocolini, Sig. J., (Lyric) London, England.....1845
Brooke, Gustavus, England.....1815
Bryant, Dan, (Manager) Troy.....1833
Brougham, John, (Star and Author) Dublin, Ireland.....1824
Buckstone, J B , (Manager) England. 1802
Burgess Neil, (Star and Manager) Boston, Mass.....1846
Burton, William, (Star and Manager) England. 1815
Campanino, Italo, (Lyric) Parma, Italy.....1846
Carroll, R. M , (Minstrel) New York.....1838
Cavella, Harry, (Stock Star) Frederick, Md.....1848
Chanfrau, Mrs. F. S., (Star) Philadelphia 1837
Chanfrau, Mr. F. S., (Star) New York.....1824
Clarke, George, (Stock Star) Brooklyn, N. Y 1840
Clarke, John S., (Manager and Star) Baltimore, Md.....1835
Claxton, Kate, (Star) New York 1848
Cody, Col. William F., (Manager) Iowa..... 1845
Coghlan, Rose, (Star) England. 1853
Couldock, C. W., (Star) England.....1815
Crabtree, Lotta, (Star) New York..... 1847
Crane, William H., (Star) Leicester, Mass..... 1845
Cushman, Charlotte, (Star) Boston.....1814
Daly, Augustin, (Manager and Author) New York.....1838
Damrosch, J. Walter. (Musical Leader) Prussia.....1860
Davenport, Mrs. E. L (Stock) Boston.....1829
Davenport, E. L , (Star) Boston, Mass.....1829
Davenport, Fanny, (Star) England.....1850
Dodworth, Harvey B., (Band-leader) England.....1831
Doris, J. B . (Manager) New Hampshire.....1847
Douglass. David, (Manager) England.....1719
Dugan, B. F., (Manager) New York..... 1838

Florence, Mrs. W., (Star) New York 1835
Florence, William, (Star) Albany, N. Y..... 1831
Frayne, Frank I, (Star) Kentucky..... 1838
Freleigh, B. William, (Manager) New York..... 1832
Forrest, Edwin, (Star) Philadelphia 1806
Gilmore E. G., (Manager) Massachusetts..... 1841
Hart, John, (Stock Minstrel) Pittsburg..... 1840
Hild, J. J, (Manager) England..... 1860
Hill, J. M, (Manager) Maine..... 1846
Holmes, J. W. (Manager) Boston..... 1840
Hallam, Lewis, (Manager and Actor) England..... 1718
Jacobs, H. R., (Manager) England..... 1838
Jefferson, Joseph. (Star) Philadelphia 1829
Keene, Thomas W., (Star) New York. 1840
Kellogg, Clara Louise, (Lyric Star) South Carolina..... 1842
Kelcey, H. L. (Stock) England 1855
Kendall, Mrs. W. H., (Star) England..... 1849
Kendall, Mr. W. H, (Star) England..... 1840
Knowles, Edwin, (Star and Manager) Hamlet, R. I..... 1845
Langtry, Mrs. Lilly, (Star) England..... 1850
Lee, Henry, (Stock) New York 1856
Lewis, Catharine (Stock Star) Wales 1856
Lewis, James, (Stock Star) Troy, N. Y 1839
Logan, Eliza, (Star) Philadelphia..... 1825
Lucca, Pauline, (Lyric Star) Vienna 1840
Mackaye, Steele, (Manager) Buffalo, N. Y..... 1843
Maddern. Minnie, (Star) New Orleans..... 1862
Mantell. R. B. (Star) Scotland..... 1854
Martinot, Sadie, (Lyric) Yonkers, N. Y..... 1857
Mathews Charles, Sen., (Star) England..... 1776
Mather, Margaret. (Star) Detroit, Mich..... 1860
Mayo Frank, (Star) Boston, Mass..... 1839
Melville, James, (Equestrian) Australia..... 1837
Miner, Harry, (Manager) 1845
Mitchell, William, (Manager) England..... 1798
Mitchell, Maggie, (Star) New York..... 1839
Modjeska, Helen, (Star) Poland 1844
Morris, Clara, (Star) Cleveland, Ohio..... 1846
Murdock, James E., (Star) Philadelphia..... 1812
Murphy, Joseph. (Star) Brooklyn, N. Y..... 1839
McCready, Charles W., (Star) England..... 1793
McCullough, John, (Star) Ireland..... 1837
McVicker, J. H., (Manager) New York..... 1832
Nilsson, Christine, (Star) Sweden..... 1843
Palmer, A. M., (Manager) North Stonington, Ct..... 1838
Pastor, Antonio, (Manager) New York..... 1840
Patti, Adelina, (Lyric Star) Madrid, Spain..... 1843
Patti, Carlotta, (Lyric) France..... 1840
Pike, L. B., (Treasurer) New York..... 1838
Pike, Morris, (Stock) New York. 1837
Pixley, Annie, (Star) New York..... 1856

Ponisi, Madame, (Star) England.....1825
Proctor, Joseph, (Star) Marlboro, Mass.....1816
Rankin, McKee, (Star) Canada.....1840
Raymond, John T., (Star) Utica, N. Y.....1837
Rehan, Ada, (Stock Star) England.....1860
Rhea, Mille., (Star) Brussels.....1855
Ristori, Adelaide, (Star) Italy.....1821
Rice, Dan, (Manager and Clown) New York.....1824
Ryer, George, (Manager) New York.....1844
Robinson, James, (Equestrian) Massachusetts.....1838
Robson, Stewart, (Star) Annapolis, Md.....1836
Roze, Marie, (Lyric) Paris.....1846
Russell, Lillian (Star) Iowa.....1860
Russell, Sol Smith, Missouri.....1848
Salvini, Tomaso, (Star) Italy.....1830
Scanlon, W. J., (Star) Springfield, Mass.....1856
Siddons, Mrs. Scott, (Star) India.....1843
Sinn, William E., (Manager) Georgetown, Md.....1838
Sothern, Edward A., (Star) England.....1830
Stevenson, C. A., (Manager) Ireland.....1841
Stoddart, J. H., Glasgow, Scotland.....1827
Studley, J. B., (Stock Star) Boston.....1832
Sullivan, Barry, (Star) England.....1824
Stone, Eaton, (Equestrian) Burlington, Vt.....1819
Tearl, Osmond, (Stock Star) England.....1850
Terry, Ellen, (Stock Star) England.....1845
Tompkins, Eugene, (Manager) Boston.....1850
Thompson, Lydia, (Star) London.....1840
Thompson, Charlotte, (Stock Star) England.....1843
Thompson, Denman, (Star) Girard, Pa.....1833
Thompson, James Scafe, (Stock) Philadelphia.....1839
Thursby, Emma, (Lyric Star) Brooklyn, N. Y.....1857
Ward, Artemus, (Writer and Showman) Maine.....1836
Wallack, Lester J., (Star and Manager) New York.....1819
Warde, Frederick, (Star) England.....1851
Wheatley, William, (Manager Actor) New York.....1816
White, Charles, (Minstrel) New York.....1827
Williams, Barney, (Star) Ireland.....1823
Williams, Mrs. Barney, (Star) New York.....1829
Wilson, Charles A., (Manager) Meadville, Pa.....1838
Worth, E. M., (Manager) Delaware, Ohio.....1838

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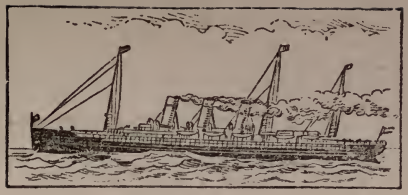

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ALL POINTS
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PROVIDENCE,
WORCESTER,
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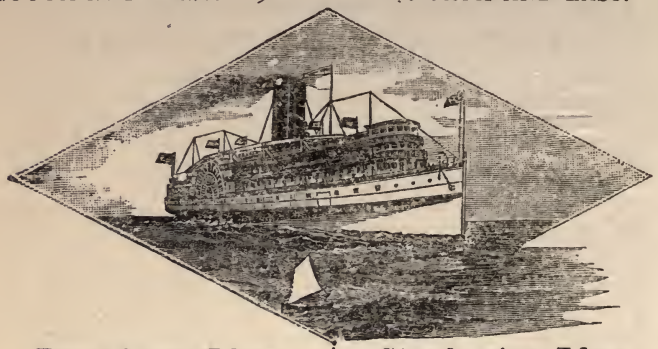

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"	HAGERSTOWN, " " "	11.15 "
"	SHENANDOAH JUNC	12.00 night.
Ar.	LURAY, via S. V. R'y	2.15 a. m.
"	SHENDUN (the Grottoes) via S. V. R'y	3 45 "
"	NATURAL BRIDGE "	6.05 "
"	ROANOKE, "	7.40 "
Lv.	BRISTOL, via E. T. V. & G. R'y	11.45 "
Ar.	KNOXVILLE, " "	3.45 p. m.
"	CHATTANOOGA " "	7.40 "
Lv.	CHATTANOOGA " "	9.00 "
"	ANNISTON, " "	2.05 a. m.
"	MONTGOMERY, via L. & N. R. R.	6.25 "
"	MOBILE, " " "	11.45 "
"	NEW ORLEANS, " " "	3.55 p. m.

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